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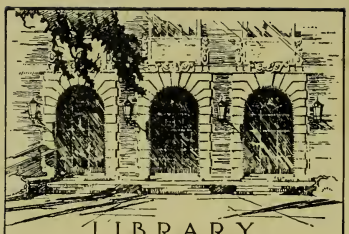

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THE WONDROUS

TALE OF ALROY.

VOL. I.

THE

WONDROUS TALE

OF ALROY.

THE

RISE OF ISKANDER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"VIVIAN GREY," "CONTARINI FLEMING," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

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SWEET Sister! as I wandered on the mountains of Sion, behold! a gazelle came bounding o'er the hills! It perceived me, it started back, it gazed at me with trembling surprise. Ah! fear not! fair creature, I fondly exclaimed, fear not, and flee not away! I too have a gazelle in a distant land; not less beautiful her airy form than thine, and her dark eye not less tremulously bright!

Ah! little did I deem, my sweetest

friend, that ere I pressed that beauteous form again, Sorrow should dim the radiance of thy smile, and charge that brilliant eye with many a tear! Yet trust thee, dearest, in a brother's love, the purest sympathy of our fallen state! If I recall one gleam of rapture to thy pensive cheek, not in vain I strike my lonely lyre, or throw these laurels at thy fairy feet!

PREFACE.

THE time of this Romance is the twelfth century.

At that period, this was the political condition of the East.

The Caliphate was in a state of rapid decay. The Seljukian Sultans, who had been called to the assistance of the Commanders of the Faithful, had become like the Mayors of the palace in France, the real sovereigns of the Empire. They had carved four kingdoms out of the

dominions of the successors of the Prophet, which conferred titles on four Seljukian Princes, to wit, the Sultan of Bagdad, the Sultan of Persia, the Sultan of Syria, and the Sultan of Roum, or Asia Minor.

But these warlike princes, in the relaxed discipline and doubtful conduct of their armies, began themselves to evince the natural effects of luxury and indulgence. They were no longer the same invincible and irresistible warriors who had poured forth from the shores of the Caspian over the fairest regions of the East, and although they still contrived to preserve order in their dominions, they witnessed with ill-concealed appre-

hension the rising power of the Kings of Karasmé, whose conquests daily made their territories more contiguous.

With regard to the Hebrew people, it should be known that after the destruction of Jerusalem, the Eastern Jews, while they acknowledged the supremacy of their conquerors, gathered themselves together for all purposes of jurisdiction, under the controul of a native ruler, an asserted descendant of David, whom they dignified with the title of "The Prince of the Captivity." If we are to credit the enthusiastic annalists of this imaginative people, there were periods of prosperity when "the Princes of the Captivity" assumed scarcely less state,

and enjoyed scarcely less power than the ancient Kings of Judah themselves. Certain it is that their power increased always in an exact proportion with the weakness of the Caliphate, and without doubt in some of the most distracted periods of the Arabian rule, the Hebrew Princes rose into some degree of local and temporary importance. Their chief residence was Bagdad, where they remained until the eleventh century, an age fatal in Oriental history, and from the disasters of which "the Princes of the Captivity" were not exempt. They are heard of even in the twelfth century. I have ventured to place one at Hamadan, a favourite residence of the He-

brews, from being the burial-place of Esther and Mordecai.

In this state of affairs arose Alroy, a name perhaps unknown to the vast majority of my readers; yet, if I mistake not, a memorable being, and the dry record of whose marvellous career I have long considered as enveloping the richest materials of poetic fiction.

With regard to the supernatural machinery of this romance, it is Cabalistical and correct. From the Spirits of the Tombs to the sceptre of Solomon, authority may be found in the traditions of the Hebrews for all these spiritual introductions.

I believe that the character of Ori-

ental life is not unfaithfully pourtrayed in these pages. It has undergone less changes than the genius of the Occident. I have had the advantage of studying the Asiatics in their most celebrated countries and capitals. An existence of blended splendour and repose, varied only by fitful starts of extravagant and overwhelming action, and marvellous vicissitudes of fortune, a strong influence of individual character, a blind submission to destiny, imagination, passion, credulity: these are some of the principal features of society in the most favoured regions of the globe.

And now for my style. I must frankly confess that I have invented a

new one. I am conscious of the hazard of such innovation, but I have not adopted my system without long meditation, and a severe examination of its qualities. I have in another work already ventured to express my opinion that the age of Versification has past. I have there observed, "The mode of composition must ever be greatly determined by the manner in which the composition can be made public. In ancient days, the voice was the medium by which we became acquainted with the inventions of a poet. In such a method, where those who listened had no time to pause, and no opportunity to think, it was necessary that everything

should be obvious. The audience who were perplexed would soon become wearied. The spirit of ancient poetry, therefore, is rather material than metaphysical. Superficial, not internal; there is much simplicity and much nature, but little passion, and less philosophy. To obviate the baldness, which is the consequence of a style where the subject and the sentiments are rather intimated than developed, the poem was enriched by music, and enforced by action. Occasionally, were added the enchantment of scenery, and the fascination of the dance. But the poet did not depend merely upon these brilliant accessaries. He resolved that his thoughts should be

expressed in a manner different from other modes of communicating ideas. He caught a suggestion from his sister art, and invented metre. And in this modulation, he introduced a new system of phraseology, which marked him out from the crowd, and which has obtained the title of ' poetic diction.'

" His object in this system of words was to heighten his meaning by strange phrases, and unusual constructions. Inversion was invented to clothe a common-place with an air of novelty; vague epithets were introduced to prop up a monotonous modulation; were his meaning to be enforced, he shrank from wearisome ratiocination and the agony of pre-

cise conceptions, and sought refuge in a bold personification, or a beautiful similitude. The art of Poetry was to express natural feelings in unnatural language.

"Institutions ever survive their purpose, and customs govern us when their cause is extinct. And this mode of communicating poetic invention still remained, when the advanced civilization of man, in multiplying manuscripts, might have made many suspect that the time had arrived when the poet was to cease to sing, and to learn to write. Had the splendid refinement of Imperial Rome not been doomed to such rapid decay, and such mortifying and degrading vicis-

situdes, I believe that Versification would have worn out. Unquestionably that empire, in its multifarious population, scenery, creeds, and customs, offered the richest materials for emancipated Fiction, materials, however, far too vast and various for the limited capacity of metrical celebration.

"That beneficent Omnipotence, before which we must bow down, has so ordered it, that Imitation should be the mental feature of Modern Europe; and has ordained that we should adopt a Syrian religion, a Grecian literature, and a Roman law. At the revival of letters, we behold the portentous spectacle of national poets communicating their in-

ventions in an exotic form. Conscious of the confined nature of their method, yet unable to extricate themselves from its fatal ties, they sought variety in increased artifice of diction, and substituted for the melody of the lyre, the barbaric clash of rhyme.

"A revolution took place in the mode of communicating Thought. Now, at least, it was full time that we should have emancipated ourselves for ever from sterile metre. One would have supposed that the Poet who could not only write, but even print his inventions, would have felt that it was both useless and unfit that they should be communicated by a process invented when his only medium

was simple recitation. One would have supposed, that the Poet would have rushed with desire to the new world before him, that he would have seized the new means that permitted him to revel in an universe of boundless invention; to combine the highest ideal creation with the infinite delineation of teeming Nature; to unravel all the dark mysteries of our bosoms, and all the bright purposes of our being; to become the great instructor and champion of his species; and not only delight their fancy, and charm their senses, and command their will, but demonstrate their rights, illustrate their necessities, and expound the object of their existence; and all this

too in a style charming and changing with its universal theme, now tender, now sportive; now earnest, now profound; now sublime, now pathetic; and substituting for the dull monotony of metre, the most various, and exquisite, and inexhaustible melody."*

While I have endeavoured to effect my own emancipation from the trammels of the old style, I do not for a moment flatter myself that the new one, which I offer, combines those rare qualities which I anticipate may be the ultimate result of this revolution. But such as it is, it stands upon its own merits, and may lead abler men to achieve abler consequences.

It has been urged by a very ingenious

* Contarini Fleming, vol. iii.

and elegant critic, when commenting, perhaps with the apprehensive indignation of a versifier, upon the passage which I have quoted, "that the melodies of language are the echoes of the melodies of thought: as in hearing martial music, the step involuntarily takes a statelier tread, as to gayer airs, a lighter and more buoyant one; so does the elevated idea take a more noble, or the feelings of tenderness a sweeter tone, than those of ordinary discourse."

I perfectly assent to this remark, which was intended to show "the fallacies" of my system. I do not oppose Melody because I oppose Verse. Thoughts are not always melodious, ideas always

the conduct of the story. He has not considered it his duty to step in between the reader and the beings of his imagination, to develope and dwell upon their feelings, or to account for their characters and actions. He leaves them in general to explain every thing for themselves, substituting on his part Description for Scenery, and occasional bursts of lyric melody for that illustrative music, without which all dramatic representations are imperfect, and which renders the serious Opera of the Italians the most effective performance of modern times, and most nearly approaching the exquisite drama of the ancient Greeks.

To the Tale of Alroy I have added

the history of a Christian hero placed in a somewhat similar position, but achieving a very different end; and I hope the reader will experience the pleasure of an agreeable contrast in the Rise of the great Iskander.

THE WONDROUS

TALE OF ALROY.

PART I.

I.

THE cornets sounded a final flourish as the Prince of the Captivity dismounted from his white mule, his train shouted as if they were once more a people, and had it not been for the contemptuous leer which played upon the countenances of the Moslemin bystanders, it might

have been taken for a day of triumph rather than of tribute.

"The glory has not departed!" exclaimed the venerable Bostenay, as he entered the hall of his mansion. "It is not as the visit of Sheba unto Solomon; nevertheless the glory has not yet departed. You have done well, faithful Caleb." The old man's courage waxed more vigorous as each step within his own walls the more assured him against the recent causes of his fear—the audible curses and the threatened missiles of the unbelieving mob.

"It shall be a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving!" continued the Prince; "and look, my faithful Caleb, that the trumpeters be well served. That last flourish was bravely done. It was not as the blast before Jericho; nevertheless it

told that the Lord of Hosts was for us. How the accursed Ishmaelites started! Did you mark, Caleb, that tall Turk in green upon my left? By the sceptre of Jacob he turned pale! Oh! it shall be a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving! And spare not the wine, nor the flesh-pots for the people. Look you to this, my child, for the people shouted bravely, and with a stout voice. It was not as the great shout in the camp when the ark returned, but nevertheless, it was boldly done, and showed that the glory had not yet departed. So spare not the wine, my son, and drink to the desolation of Ishmael in the juic which he dare not quaff."

"It has indeed been a great day for Israel!" exclaimed Caleb, echoing his master's exultation.

"Had the procession been forbidden,"

continued Bostenay, "had it been reserved for me of all the princes to have dragged the accursed tribute upon foot, without trumpets and without guards, by this sceptre, my good Caleb, I really think, that sluggishly as this old blood now runs, I would——but it is needless now to talk—the God of our Fathers hath been our refuge."

"Verily, my lord, we were as David in the wilderness of Ziph; but now we are as the Lord's anointed in the stronghold of Engedi!"

"The glory truly has not yet *utterly* departed," resumed the Prince in a more subdued tone; "yet if—I tell you what, Caleb—praise the Lord that you are young."

"My Prince too may yet live to see the good day."

"Nay, my child, you misinterpret me. Your Prince has lived to see the evil day. 'Twas not of the coming that I thought when I bid you praise the Lord because you were young—the more my sin. I was thinking, Caleb, that if your hairs were as mine, if you could call back like me the days that are gone by—the days when it needed no bribe to prove we were princes—the glorious days when we led captivity captive—I was thinking, I say, my son, what a gainful heritage it is to be born after the joys that have passed away."

"My father lived at Babylon," said Caleb.

"Oh! name it not!—name it not!" exclaimed the old chieftain. "Dark was the day that we lost that second Sion! We were then also slaves to the Egyp-

tian ; but verily we ruled over the realm of Pharaoh. Why Caleb, Caleb, you who know *all*—the days of toil—the nights restless as a love-sick boy's, which it has cost your Prince to gain permission to grace our tribute day with the paltry presence of half a dozen guards—you who know all my difficulties, who have witnessed all my mortification, what would you say to the purse of dirhems, surrounded by seven thousand scimetars ?"

" Seven thousand scimetars !"

" Not one less ; my father flourished one."

" It was indeed a great day for Israel !"

" Nay, that is nothing. When old Alroy was prince—old David Alroy—for thirty years, good Caleb—thirty long years we paid *no* tribute to the Caliph."

" No tribute ! no tribute for thirty

years! What marvel then, my Prince, that the Philistines have of late exacted interest?"

"Nay, that is nothing," continued old Bostenay, unmindful of his servant's ejaculations. "When Moctador was Caliph, he sent to the same Prince David, to know why the dirhems were not brought up, and David immediately called to horse, and attended by all the chief people rode to the palace, and told the Caliph that tribute was an acknowledgment made from the weak to the strong to insure protection and support, and inasmuch as he and his people had garrisoned the city for ten years against the Seljuks, he held the Caliph in arrear."

"We shall yet see an ass mount a ladder,"[1] exclaimed Caleb with uplifted eyes of wonder.

"It is true though," continued the Prince; "often have I heard my father tell the tale. He was then a child, and his mother held him up to see the procession return, and all the people shouted, "The sceptre has not gone out of Jacob!"

"It was indeed a great day for Israel."

"Nay, that is nothing. I could tell you such things! But we prattle; our business is not yet done. You to the people; the widow and the orphan are waiting. Give freely, good Caleb, give freely; the spoils of the Canaanite are no longer ours; nevertheless the Lord is still our God, and after all, even this is a great day for Israel. And, Caleb, Caleb, bid my nephew, David Alroy, know that I would speak with him."

"I will do all promptly, good master! We wondered that our honoured lord,

your nephew, went not up with the donation this day."

"Who bid you wonder? Begone, sir! How long are you to idle here?—Away!"

"They wonder he went not up with the tribute to-day. Ay! surely—a common talk. This boy will be our ruin: a prudent hand to wield our shattered sceptre. I have observed him from his infancy; he should have lived in Babylon. The old Alroy blood flows in his veins, a stiff-necked race. When I was a youth his grandsire was my friend; I had some fancies then myself. Dreams, dreams! we have fallen on evil days, and yet we prosper. I have lived long enough to feel a rich caravan, laden with the shawls of India, and the stuffs of Samarcand, if not exactly like dancing before the ark, is still a goodly sight. And our hard-

hearted rulers, with all their pride, can they subsist without us? Still we wax rich. I have lived to see the haughty Caliph sink into a slave viler far than Israel. And the victorious and voluptuous Seljuks, even now they tremble at the dim mention of the distant name of Arslan. Yet I, Bostenay, and the frail remnant of our scattered tribes, still we exist, and still, thanks to our God, we prosper. But the age of power has past; it is by prudence now that we must flourish. The gibe and jest, the curse, perchance the blow, Israel now must bear, and with a calm, or even smiling visage. What then? For every gibe and jest, for every curse, I'll have a dirhem; and for every blow—let him look to it who is my creditor, or wills to be so. But see, he comes, my nephew!

His grandsire was my friend. Methinks I look upon him now; the same Alroy that was the partner of my boyish hours. And yet that fragile form, and girlish face but ill consort with the dark passions, and the dangerous fancies, I fear lie hidden in that tender breast. Well, sir?"

"You want me, uncle?"

"What then? Uncles often want what nephews seldom offer."

"I at least can refuse nothing; for I have nought to give."

"You have a jewel which I greatly covet."

"A jewel! See my chaplet! You gave it me, my uncle; it is yours."

"I thank you. Many a blazing ruby, many a soft and shadowy pearl, and many an emerald glowing like a star in the far desart, I behold, my child. They

are choice stones, and yet I miss a jewel far more precious, which, when I gave you this rich chaplet, David, I deemed you did possess."

"How do you call it, sir?"

"Obedience."

"'Tis a word of doubtful import, sir; for to obey, when duty is disgrace, is not a virtue."

"I see you read my thought. In a word, I sent for you to know, wherefore you joined me not to-day in offering our—"

"Tribute."

"Be it so: tribute. Why were you absent?"

"Because it was a tribute: I pay none."

"But that the dreary course of seventy winters has not erased the memory of my

boyish follies, David, I should esteem you mad. Think you, because I am old, I am enamoured of disgrace, and love a house of bondage. If life were a mere question between freedom and slavery, glory and dishonor, all could decide. Trust me, there needs but little spirit to be a moody patriot in a sullen home, and vent your heroic spleen upon your fellow-sufferers, whose sufferings you cannot remedy. But of such stuff your race were ever made. Such deliverers ever abounded in the house of Alroy. And what has been the result? I found you, and your sister, orphan infants, your sceptre broken, and your tribes dispersed. The tribute, which now at least we pay like princes, was then exacted with the scourge, and offered in chains. I collected our scattered people, I re-esta-

blished our ancient throne, and this day, which you look upon as a day of humiliation, and of mourning, is rightly considered by all a day of triumph, and of feasting; for has it not proved, in the very teeth of the Ishmaelites, that the sceptre has not yet departed from Jacob?"

"I pray you, uncle, speak not of these things. I would not willingly forget you are my kinsman, and a kind one. Let there not be strife between us. What my feelings are is nothing. They are my own: I cannot change them. And for my ancestors, if they pondered much, and achieved little, why then 'twould seem our pedigree is pure, and I am their true son. At least *one* was a hero."

"Ah! the great Alroy; you may well be proud of such an ancestor."

"I am ashamed, uncle,—ashamed, ashamed."

"His sceptre still exists. At least, I have not betrayed him. And this brings me to the real purport of our interview. That sceptre I would return."

"To whom?"

"To its right owner, to yourself."

"Oh! no, no, no—I pray you, pray you, uncle, I pray you not. I do entreat you, Sir, upon my knees, forget I have a right as utterly as I myself disclaim it. That sceptre—you have wielded it wisely and well; I do beseech you keep it. Indeed, good uncle, I have no sort of talent for all the busy duties of this post."

"You sigh for glory, yet you fly from toil."

"Toil without glory is a menial's lot."

" You are a boy; you may yet live to learn that the sweetest lot of life consists in tranquil duties and well-earned repose."

" If my lot be repose, I'll find it in a lair."

" Ah! David, David, there is a wildness in your temper, boy, that makes me often tremble. You are already too much alone, child. And for this, as well as weightier reasons, I am desirous that you should at length assume the office you inherit. What my poor experience can afford to aid you, as your counsellor, I shall ever proffer; and for the rest, our God will not desert you, an orphan child, and born of royal blood."

" Pr'ythee, no more, kind uncle. I have but little heart to mount a throne, which only ranks me as the first of slaves."

"Pooh, pooh, you are young. Live we like slaves? Is this hall a servile chamber? These costly carpets, and these rich divans, in what proud harem shall we find their match? I feel not like a slave. My coffers are full of dirhems. Is that slavish? The wealthiest company of the caravan is ever Bostenay's. Is that to be a slave? Walk the bazaar of Bagdad, and you will find my name more potent than the Caliph's. Is that a badge of slavery?"

"Uncle, you toil for others."

"So do we all, so does the bee, yet he is free and happy."

"At least he has a sting."

"Which he can use but once; and when he stings——"

"He dies, and like a hero. Such a death is sweeter than his honey."

" Well, well, you are young, you are young. I once, too, had fancies. Dreams all, dreams all. I willingly would see you happy, child. Come, let that face brighten; after all, to-day is a great day. If you had seen what I have seen, David, you too would feel grateful. Come, let us feast, let us feast. The Ishmaelite, the accursed child of Hagar, he does confess to-day you are a prince: this day also you complete your eighteenth year. The custom of our people now requires you should assume the attributes of manhood. To-day, then, your reign commences; and at our festival I will present the elders to their prince. For a while farewell, my child. Array that face in smiles. I shall most anxiously await your presence."

" Farewell, Sir."

He turned his head and watched his uncle as he departed; the bitter expression of his countenance gradually melted away as Bostenay disappeared; dejection succeeded to sarcasm; he sighed, he threw himself upon a couch, and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly he arose, and paced the chamber with an irregular and moody step. He stopped, he leant against a column. He spoke in a tremulous and smothered voice.

"Oh! my heart is full of care, and my soul is dark with sorrow! What am I? What is all this? A cloud hangs heavy o'er my life. God of my fathers! let it burst.

"I know not what I feel—yet what I feel is madness. Thus to be, is not to live, if life be what I sometimes dream,

and dare to think it might be. To breathe, to feed, to sleep, to wake and breathe again—again to feel existence without hope; if this be life, why then these brooding thoughts that whisper death were better?

"Away! away! The demon tempts me. But to what, to what? What nameless deed shall desecrate this hand? No, no, it must not be: the royal blood of twice two thousand years it must not die—die like a dream. Oh! my heart is full of care, and my soul is dark with sorrow!

"Hark! the trumpets that sound our dishonor. Oh! but that they sounded to battle! Lord of Hosts! Let me conquer or die! Let me conquer like David, or die, Lord, like Saul.

"Ah! were I in the woods once more,

a melancholy child! Each flower, that raised its haughty head, should be the turbaned enemy, and I would wave some sword of straw, and find revenge in every blow, that quelled their painted pride.

"'Tis over now; that sweet, sweet prime, when fancy solaced solitude. Yet I am still alone. But how alone? The madness of the past and the despair of the future—are not these the choice companions of my pleasant life?

"I once remember, when a child, I cried to be a man—and now, methinks, I'll sit me down and cry to be a child. Ah! tears of bliss, though shed in sadness, unutterable joys! No more the sunshine of the breast succeeds those freshening showers of grief; light season of my boyish spring, when Care was but

a mimic game, and Woe a wild delusion!

"Behold this chaplet rich and rare; its stones might deck a soldan's brow! Could I but weep, for each bright tear I'd give a flaming gem; could I but weep for each soft sob, I'd yield a lustrous pearl. Alas! the age of tears is o'er, and yet—my heart is full of care, and my soul is dark with sorrow.

"Why do I live? Ah! could the thought that lurks within my secret heart but answer—not the trumpet's blast when echoing on the noisy hills, could speak as loud or clear. The votary of a false idea, I linger in this shadowy life, and feed on silent images which no eye but mine can gaze on, until, at length, they are invested with all the terrible circumstance of life, and breathe, and act, and

form a stirring world of fate and beauty, time, and death, and glory. And then from out this dazzling wilderness of deeds I wander forth and wake, and find myself in this dull house of bondage, even as I do now. Horrible! horrible!

"God of my fathers!—for indeed I dare not style thee God of their wretched sons—yet by the memory of Sinai let me tell thee that some of the antique blood yet beats within these pulses, and there yet is one who fain would commune with thee face to face—commune and conquer.

"And if the promise unto which we cling be not a cheat, why let him come, come, and come quickly, for thy servant Israel, Lord, is now a slave so infamous, so woe-begone, and so contemned, that even when our fathers hung their harps

by the sad waters of the Babylonian stream, why, it were Paradise again to what we suffer.

"Alas! they do not suffer; they endure and do not feel. Or by this time our shadowy cherubim would guard again the ark. It is the will that is the father to the deed, and he who broods over some long idea, however wild, will find his dream was but the prophecy of coming fate.

"And even now a vivid flash darts through the darkness of my mind—methinks, methinks—Ah! worst of woes to dream of glory in despair. No, no, I live and die a most ignoble thing; beauty and love, and fame and mighty deeds, the smile of women and the gaze of men, and the ennobling consciousness of worth, and all the fiery course of the creative

passions---these are not for me---and I, Alroy, the long posterity of sacred kings, and with a soul that pants for empire, I stand here extending my vain arm for my lost sceptre, a most dishonoured slave! And do I still exist? Exist! ay, merrily. Hark! Festivity holds her fair revel in these light-hearted walls. We are gay to-day; and yet ere yon proud Sun, whose mighty course was stayed before our swords that now he even does not deign to shine upon: ere yon proud Sun shall, like a hero from a glorious field, enter the bright pavilion of his rest; there shall a deed be done.

"My fathers, my heroic fathers, if this feeble arm cannot redeem thy heritage, if the foul boar must still wallow in thy sweet vineyard, Israel, at least I'll not disgrace ye. No! let me perish. The

house of David is no more: no more our sacred seed shall lurk and linger, like a blighted thing, in this degenerate earth. If we cannot flourish, why then we'll die!"

"Oh! say not so, my brother!"

A voice broke on the air, so soft, so sweet, so wildly musical—it sounded like a holy bell upon a summer day, a holy bell that calls to prayer, and stills each fierce emotion.

And softly kneeling at his side behold a female form! Her face is hid, her lips are pressed against the hand she gently steals. And now she raises up her head, and waits with tender patience for a glance from one who seldom smiles.

"Oh! say not so, my brother!"

He turns, he gazes on a face beauteous as a starry night,—a starry night in those

far climes where not a cloud is marked in heaven, when all below on earth's so sweet, and all above in air so still, that every passion melts away, and life seems but a fragrant dream.

I too have wandered in those lands, and roamed mid Jordan's vocal bowers. Ah! could the nightingale that sang to Syria's rose now sing to me, I'd give the fame of coming years to listen to that lay!

He turns, he gazes, and he bends; his heart is full, his voice is low.

"Ah, Miriam! thou queller of dark spirits! is it thou? Why art thou here?"

"Why am I here? Are you not here? and need I urge a stronger plea? Oh! brother dear, I pray you come, and mingle in our festival! Our walls are hung

with flowers you love;[2] I culled them by the fountain's side; the holy lamps are trimmed and set, and you must raise their earliest flame. Without the gate, my maidens wait, to offer you a robe of state. Then, brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival."

"Why should we feast?"

"Ah! is it not in thy dear name these lamps are lit, these garlands hung? To-day to us a prince is given, to-day—"

"A prince without a kingdom."

"But not without *that* which makes kingdoms precious, and which full many a royal heart has sighed for—willing subjects, David."

"Slaves, Miriam, fellow-slaves."

"What we are, my brother, our God has willed; and let us bow and tremble."

"I will not bow, I cannot tremble."

"Hush, David, hush! It was this haughty spirit that called the vengeance of the Lord upon us."

"It was this haughty spirit that conquered Canaan."

"Oh! my brother, my dear, dear brother! they told me the dark spirit had fallen on thee, and I came, and hoped thy Miriam might have charmed it. What we have been, Alroy, is a bright dream; and what we may be, at least as bright a hope; and for what we are, thou art my brother. In thy love I find present felicity, and value more thy chance embraces and thy scanty smiles, than all the vanished splendour of our race, our gorgeous gardens, and our glittering halls."

"Who waits without there?"

"Caleb."

"Caleb?"

"My Lord."

" Go tell my uncle, I presently will join the banquet. Leave me a moment, dearest. I'll soon be with thee. Nay, dry those tears, my life, or let me stop them with a soft kiss."

" Oh, Alroy, they are not tears of sorrow !"

" God be with thee, angel; fare thee well, though but for a moment. Thou art the charm and consolation of my life. Farewell, farewell.

" I do observe the influence of women very potent over me. 'Tis not of such stuff that they make heroes. I know not love, save that pure affection that does subsist between me and this girl : an orphan and my sister. We are so alike, that when, last Passover, in mimickry, she twined my turban round her graceful head, our uncle called her David.

" The daughters of my tribe, they

please me not, though they are passing fair. Were our sons as brave as they are beautiful, we still might dance on Sion. Yet have I often thought, that could I pillow this moody brow upon some snowy bosom that were my own, and dwell in the wilderness, far from the sight and ken of man, and all the care and toil and wretchedness, that groan and sweat and sigh about me, I might haply lose this deep sensation of o'erwhelming woe, that broods upon my being. No matter: Life is but a dream, and mine must be a dull one."

II.

Without the gates of Hamadan, a very short distance from the city, was an en-

closed piece of elevated ground, in the centre of which rose an ancient sepulchre, the traditionary tomb of Esther and Mordecai.[3] This solemn and solitary spot was an accustomed haunt of Alroy, and thither escaping from the banquet, about an hour before sunset, he this day repaired.

As he unlocked the massy gate of the burial-place, he heard behind him the trampling of a horse; and before he had again secured the entrance, some one shouted to him.

He looked up, and recognized the youthful and voluptuous Alschiroch, the governor of the city, and brother of the Sultan of the Seljuks. He was attended only by a single running footman, an Arab, a detested favourite, and notorious minister of his pleasures.

"Dog!" exclaimed the irritated Al-

schiroch, "art thou deaf, or obstinate? or both? Are we to call twice to our slaves? Unlock that gate!"

"Wherefore?" inquired Alroy.

"Wherefore! By the holy prophet, he bandies questions with us. Unlock that gate, or thy head shall answer for it!"

"Who art thou," inquired Alroy, "whose voice is so loud? Art thou some holiday Turk, who hath transgressed the orders of thy prophet and drunken aught but water? Go to, or I will summon thee before thy Cadi;" and so saying, he turned towards the tomb.

"By the eyes of my mother, the dog jeers us. But that we are already late, and this horse is like an untamed tiger, I would impale him on the spot. Speak to the dog, Mustapha! manage him!"

"Worthy Hebrew," said the silky

Mustapha, advancing, "apparently you are not aware that this is our Lord Alschiroch. His Highness would fain walk his horse through the burial-ground of thy excellent people, as he is obliged to repair, on urgent matters, to a holy Santon, who sojourns on the other side of the hill, and time presses."

"If this be our Lord Alschiroch, thou doubtless art his faithful slave, Mustapha."

"I am, indeed, his poor slave. What then, young master?"

"Deem thyself lucky that the gate is closed. It was but yesterday thou didst insult the sister of a servant of my house. I would not willingly sully my hands with such miserable blood as thine—but away, wretch, away!"

"Holy Prophet! who is this dog?" exclaimed the astonished governor.

"'Tis the young Alroy," whispered

Mustapha, who had not at first recognized him, "he they call their prince: a most headstrong youth. My Lord, we had better proceed."

"The young Alroy! I mark him. They must have a prince too! The young Alroy! Well, let us away,—and, dog!" shouted Alschiroch, rising in his stirrups and shaking his hand with a threatening air, "dog! remember thy tribute!"

Alroy rushed to the gate, but the massy lock was slow to open; and ere he could succeed, the fiery steed had borne Alschiroch beyond pursuit.

An expression of baffled rage remained for a moment on his countenance; for a moment he remained with his eager eye fixed on the route of his vanished enemy, and then he walked slowly towards the tomb; but his excited temper was now

little in unison with the still reverie in which he had repaired to the sepulchre to indulge. He was restless and disquieted, and at length he wandered into the woods, which rose on the summit of the burial-place.

He found himself at length upon a brow, crested with young pine-trees, in the midst of which rose a mighty cedar. He threw himself underneath its thick and shadowy branches, and looked upon a valley small and green; in the midst of which was a marble fountain, the richly carved cupola,[4] supported by twisted columns, and banded by a broad inscription in Hebrew characters. The bases of the white pillars were covered with wild flowers, or hidden by beds of variegated gourds. The transparent sunset flung over the whole scene a soft, but brilliant light.

The tranquil hour, the beauteous scene, the sweetness and the stillness blending their odour and serenity, the gentle breeze that softly rose, and summoned forth the languid birds, to cool their plumage in the twilight air, and waive their radiant wings in skies as bright—— Ah! what stern spirit will not yield to the soft genius of subduing Eve!

And Alroy gazed upon the beauteous loneliness of earth, and a tear stole down his haughty cheek.

"'Tis singular! but when I am thus alone at this still hour, I ever fancy I gaze upon the Land of Promise. And often in my dreams, some sunny spot, the bright memorial of a roving hour, will rise upon my sight, and when I wake, I feel as if I had been in Canaan. Why am I not? The caravan that bears my uncle's goods across the desart would bear

me too. But I rest here, my miserable life running to seed in the dull misery of this wretched city, and do nothing. Why! the old captivity was empire to our inglorious bondage. We have no Esther now to share their thrones, no politic Mordecai, no purple-vested Daniel. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! I do believe one sight of thee would nerve me to the sticking point. And yet to gaze upon thy fallen state—my uncle tells me that of the Temple not a stone remains. 'Tis horrible. Is there no hope?"

> "*The bricks are fallen, but we will rebuild with marble; the sycamores are cut down, but we will replace them with cedars.*"

"The chorus of our maidens, as they pay their evening visit to the fountain's side.[5] The burthen is prophetic.

"Hark again! How beautifully, upon

the soft and flowing air, their sweet and mingled voices blend and float !"

> *" Yet again I will build thee, and thou shalt be built, O Virgin of Israel ! Yet again shalt thou deck thyself with thy tabrets, and go forth in the dance of those that make merry. Yet again shalt thou plant vineyards on the mountains of Samaria."*

" See ! their white forms break through the sparkling foliage of the sunny shrubs as they descend, with measured step, that mild acclivity. A fair society in bright procession : each one clothed in solemn drapery, veiling her shadowy face with modest hand, and bearing on her graceful head a graceful vase. Their leader is my sister.

" And now they reach the fountain

side, and dip their vases in the water, pure and beauteous as themselves. Some repose beneath the marble pillars; some, seated 'mid the flowers, gather sweets, and twine them into garlands; and that wild girl, now that the order 's broke, touches with light fingers her moist vase, and showers startling drops of glittering light on her serener sisters. Hark! again they sing."

> *"O vine of Sibmah! upon thy summer fruits, and upon thy vintage, a spoiler hath fallen!*

A scream, a shriek, a long wild shriek, confusion, flight, despair! Behold! from out the woods a turbaned man rushes, and seizes the leader of the chorus. Her companions fly on all sides, Miriam alone is left in the arms of Alschiroch.

The water column wildly rising, from

the breast of summer ocean, in some warm tropic clime, when the sudden clouds too well discover, the holiday of heaven is over, and the shrieking sea-birds tell a time of fierce commotion, the column rising from the sea, it was not as wild as he—the young Alroy.

Pallid and mad, he swift upsprang, and he tore up a tree by its lusty roots, and down the declivity, dashing with rapid leaps, panting and wild, he struck the ravisher on the temple with the mighty pine. Alschiroch fell lifeless on the sod, and Miriam fainting into her brother's arms.

And there he stood, fixed and immovable, gazing upon his sister's deathly face, and himself exhausted by passion and his exploit, supporting her cherished, but senseless, body.

One of the fugitive maidens appeared reconnoitering in the distance. When she observed her mistress in the arms of one of her own people, her courage revived, and desirous of rallying her scattered companions, she raised her voice, and sang:

> "*Haste, daughters of Jerusalem, O! haste, for the Lord has avenged us, and the spoiler is spoiled.*"

And soon the verse was responded to from various quarters of the woods, and soon the virgins re-assembled, singing,

> "*We come, O! daughter of Jerusalem, we come; for the Lord has avenged us, and the spoiler is spoiled.*"

They gathered round their mistress, and one loosened her veil, and another

brought water from the fountain, and sprinkled her reviving countenance. And Miriam opened her eyes, and said, "My brother!" And he answered, "I am here." And she replied, in a low voice, "Fly, David, fly, for the man you have stricken is a prince among the people."

"He will be merciful, my sister; and, doubtless, since he first erred, by this time he has forgotten my offence."

"Justice and mercy; Oh, my brother, what can these foul tyrants know of either! Already he has perhaps doomed you to some refined and procrastinated torture, already—Ah! what unutterable woe is mine—fly, my brother, fly!"

"*Fly, fly, fly!*"

"There is no fear, my Miriam; would all his accursed race could trouble us as little as their sometime ruler. See, he

sleeps soundly. But his carcass shall not defile our fresh fountain, and our fragrant flowers. I'll stow it in the woods, and stroll here at night to listen to the jackals at their banquet."

"You speak wildly, David. What! No! It is impossible! He is not dead! You have not slain him! He sleeps—he is afraid. He mimics death, that we may leave his side and he may rise again in safety. Girls, look to him. David, you do not answer. Brother, dear, dear brother: surely he has swooned. I thought he had fled. Bear water, maidens, to that terrible man. I dare not look upon him."

"Away! I'll look upon him, and I'll triumph. Dead! Alschiroch dead! Why! but a moment since, this clotted carcass was a Prince, my tyrant. So we can rid

ourselves of them, eh? If the Prince fall, why not the people? Dead, absolutely dead, and I his slayer. Hah! at length I am a man. This, this indeed is life. Let me live slaying!"

"Woe! woe! our house is fallen! The wildness of his gestures frightens me. David, David, I pray thee cease. He hears me not, my voice, perchance, is thin. I'm very faint. Maidens, kneel to your Prince, and soothe the madness of his passion."

"*Sweet is the voice of a sister*
in the season of sorrow, and wise
is the counsel of those who love us."

"Why, this is my Goliath! a pebble or a stick, it is the same. The Lord of Hosts is for us. Rightly am I called David."

"*Deliver us from our enemies,*

O Lord ! from those who rise up against us, and those who lie in wait for us."

" Were but this blow multiplied, were but the servants of my uncle's house to do the same, why we should see again the days of Elah ! The Philistine, the foul, lascivious, damnable, Philistine ; and he must touch my sister. Oh that all his tribe were here, all, all ! I'd tie such firebrands to their foxes tails, the blaze should light to freedom !"

While he spoke, a maiden, who had not yet rejoined the company, came running towards them very swiftly with an agitated countenance.

" Fly, fly," she exclaimed ; " they come, they come."

Miriam was reclining in an attendant's arms, feeble and faint, but the moment

her quick ear caught these words, she sprang up, and seized her brother's arm.

"Alroy ! David, David, brother, sweet, sweet brother. I beseech thee, listen—I am thy sister, thy Miriam, thy fond beloved Miriam;—they come, they come, the hard-hearted, wicked men, they come, they come, to kill, perhaps to torture thee, my tender brother. Rouse thyself, David, rouse thyself from this wild, fierce dream: save thyself—fly !"

"Ah ! is it thou, Miriam ? Be easy, love, thou seest he sleepeth soundly. I will collect my senses. I was dreaming of noble purposes and mighty hopes. 'Tis over now. I am myself again. What would'st thou, my sweet treasure ?"

"They come, the fierce retainers of this fallen man: they come to seize thee. Fly, David."

"And leave thee?"

"I and my maidens, we have yet time to escape by the private way we entered, our uncle's garden. When in his house, we are for a moment safe—as safe as our poor race can ever be. Bostenay is so rich, so wise, so prudent, so learned in man's ways, and knows so well the character and spirit of these men, all will go right: I fear nothing, nothing, nothing. But thou, if thou art here, or to be found, thy blood alone will satiate them. If they be persuaded that thou hast escaped, as I yet pray thou mayest, their late master here, whom they could scarcely love, why——give me thy arm an instant, sweet Beruna, I am rather faint. So, that's well. I was saying, if well bribed, and they may have all my jewels, why, very soon, he will be as little in

their memories, as he is now in life. I can scarcely speak—I feel my words wander, or seem to wander; I could swoon, but will not—nay! do not fear, my love, I will reach home. These maidens are my charge. 'Tis in these crises we should show the worth of royal blood. I'll see them safe—or die with them."

"Oh! my sister, methinks I never knew I was a brother until this hour. My precious Miriam, what is life? what is revenge, or even fame and freedom, without thee? I 'll stay."

"*Sweet is the voice of a sister in the season of sorrow, and wise is the counsel of those who love us.*"

"Fly, David, fly."

"Fly! whither, and how?"

The neigh of a horse sounded from the thicket.

"Ah! they come, they come!" exclaimed the distracted Miriam.

> "*All this has come upon us, O Lord, yet have we not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant.*"

"Hark! again it neighs! It is a horse that calleth to its rider. I see it, I see it. Courage, Miriam! it is no enemy, but a very present friend in time of trouble. It is Alschiroch's courser. He passed me on it by the tomb ere sunset. I marked it well—a very princely steed."

> "*Behold, behold, a ram is caught in the thicket by his horns.*"

"Our God hath not forgotten us! Quick, maidens, bring forth the goodly

steed. What ! do you tremble ? I'll be his groom."

" Nay ! Miriam, beware, beware. It is an untamed beast, wild as the whirlwind. Let me deal with him."

He ran after her, kissed her as he passed, dashed into the thicket, and brought forth the horse.

Short time I ween that stately steed had parted from his desart home; his haughty crest, his eye of fire, the glory of his snorting nostril, betokened well his conscious pride, and pure nobility of race. His colour was like the sable night shining with a thousand stars, and he pawed the ground with his delicate hoof, like an eagle flapping its wing.

Alroy vaulted on his back, and reined him with a master's hand.

" Hah !" he exclaimed, " I feel more

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like a hero than a fugitive. Farewell, my sister; farewell, ye gentle maidens; fare ye well, and cherish my precious Miriam. One kiss, sweet sister," and he bent down and whispered, "Tell the good Bostenay not to spare his gold, love, for I have a deep persuasion, that ere a year shall roll its heavy course, I shall return, and make our masters here pay for this hurried ride and bitter parting. Now for the desart!"

PART II.

I.

SPEED, fleetly speed, thou courser bold, and track the desart's trackless way. Beneath thee is the boundless earth, above thee is the boundless heaven, an iron soil and brazen sky. Speed, swiftly speed, thou courser bold, and track the desart's trackless way!

Ah! dost thou deem these salty plains[6] lead to thy Yemen's happy groves, and dost thou scent, on the hot breeze, the spicy breath of Araby? A sweet delusion, noble steed, for this briny wilder-

ness leads not to the happy groves of Yemen, and the breath thou scentest on the coming breeze is not the spicy breath of Araby.

The day has died, the stars have risen, with all the splendour of a desart sky, and now the Night descending brings, solace on her dewy wings, to the fainting form and pallid cheek of the youthful Hebrew Prince.

Still the courser onward rushes, still his mighty heart supports him. Season and space, the glowing soil, the burning ray, yield to the tempest of his frame; the thunder of his nerves, and lightning of his veins.

Food or water they have none. No genial fount, no grateful tree, rise with their pleasant company. Never a beast or bird is there, in that hoary desart

bare. Nothing breaks the almighty stillness. Even the jackal's felon cry might seem a soothing melody. A grey wild rat, with snowy whiskers, out of a withered bramble stealing, with a youthful snake in its ivory teeth, in the moonlight grins with glee. This is their sole society.

Morn comes, the fresh and fragrant morn, for which even the guilty sigh. Morn comes, and all is visible. And light falls like a signet on the earth, and its face is turned like wax with a seal. Before them, and also on their right, was the sandy desart; but in the night they had approached much nearer to the mountainous chain, which bounded the desart on the left, and whither Alroy had at first guided the steed.

The mountains were a chain of the

mighty Elburz; and as the sun rose from behind a lofty peak, the horse suddenly stopped, and neighed, as if asking for water. But Alroy, himself exhausted, could only soothe him with caresses. And the horse, full of courage, understood his master, and neighed again more cheerfully.

For an hour or two the Prince and his faithful companion proceeded slowly, but as the day grew on, the heat became so oppressive, and the desire to drink so overwhelming, that Alroy again urged on the steed towards the mountains, where he knew that he should find a well. The courser dashed willingly forward, and seemed to share his master's desire to quit the arid and exhausting wilderness.

More than once the unhappy fugitive

debated whether he should not allow himself to drop from his seat and die; no torture that awaited him at Hamadan, that did not seem preferable to the prolonged and inexpressible anguish that he now endured. As he rushed along, leaning on his bearer's neck, he perceived a patch of the desart that seemed of a darker colour than the surrounding sand. Here, he believed, might perhaps be found water. He tried to check the steed, but with difficulty he succeeded, and with still greater difficulty dismounted. He knelt down, and feebly raked up the sand with his hands. It was very moist. He nearly fainted over his fruitless labour. At length, when he had dug about a foot deep, there bubbled up some water. He dashed in his hand, but it was salt as the ocean. When the horse

saw the water his ears rose, but when he smelt it, he turned away his head and neighed most piteously.

"Alas, poor beast!" exclaimed Alroy; "I am the occasion of thy suffering, who would be a kind master to thee, if the world would let me. Oh that we were once more by my own fair fountain! The thought is madness. And Miriam too! I fear I am sadly tender-hearted." He leant against his horse's back, with a feeling of utter exhaustion, and burst into hysteric sobs.

And the steed softly moaned, and turned its head, and gently rubbed its face against his arm, as if to solace him in his suffering. And strange, but Alroy was relieved by having given way to his emotion, and charmed with the fondness of the faithful horse, he leant

down and took water, and threw it over its feet to cool them, and wiped the foam from its face, and washed it, and the horse again neighed.

And now Alroy tried to remount, but his strength failed him, and the horse immediately knelt down and received him. And the moment that the Prince was in his seat, the horse rose, and again proceeded at a rapid pace in their old direction. Towards sunset they were within a few miles of the broken and rocky ground into which the mountains descended; and afar off Alroy recognized the cupola of the long-expected well. With reanimated courage and rallied energies, he patted his courser's neck, and pointed in the direction of the cupola, and the horse pricked up its ears, and increased its pace.

Just as the Sun set, they reached the well. Alroy jumped off the horse, and would have led it to the fountain, but the animal would not advance. It stood dreadfully shivering with a glassy eye, and then it bowed its head, and with a groan fell down and died.

II.

Night brings rest; night brings solace; rest to the weary; solace to the sad. And to the desperate night brings despair.

The moon has sunk to early rest; but a thousand stars are in the sky. The mighty mountains rise severe in the clear and silent air. In the forest all is still. The tired wind no longer roams, but has lightly dropped on its leafy couch, and

sleeps like man. Silent all but the fountain's drip. And by the fountain's side a youth is lying.

Suddenly a creature steals through the black and broken rocks. Ha, ha! the jackal smells from afar the rich corruption of the courser's clay. Suddenly and silently it steals, and stops, and smells. Brave banquetting I ween to-night for all that goodly company. Jackal, and fox, and marten cat, haste ye now ere morning's break shall call the vulture to his feast, and rob ye of your prey.

The jackal lapped the courser's blood, and moaned with exquisite delight. And in a moment, a faint bark was heard in the distance. And the jackal peeled the flesh from one of the ribs, and again burst into a shriek of mournful extasy.

Hark, their quick tramp! First six,

and then three, galloping with ungodly glee. And a marten cat came rushing down from the woods; but the jackals, fierce in their number, drove her away, and there she stood without the circle, panting, beautiful, and baffled, with her white teeth and glossy skin, and sparkling eyes of rabid rage.[7]

Suddenly, as one of the half-gorged jackals retired from the main corpse, dragging along a stray member by some still palpitating nerves, the marten cat made a spring at her enemy, carried off his prey, and rushed into the woods.

Her wild scream of triumph woke a lion from his lair. His mighty form, black as ebony, moved on a distant eminence, his tail flowed like a serpent. He roared, and the jackals trembled, and immediately ceased from their banquet,

turning their heads in the direction of their sovereign's voice. He advanced; he stalked towards them. They retired; he bent his head, examined the carcass with condescending curiosity, and instantly quitted it with royal disdain. The jackals again collected around their garbage. The lion advanced to the fountain to drink. He beheld a man. His mane rose, his tail was wildly agitated, he bent over the sleeping Prince, he uttered an awful roar, which woke Alroy.

III.

He awoke; his gaze met the flaming eyes of the enormous beast fixed upon him with a blended feeling of desire and surprise. He awoke, and from a swoon;

but the dreamless trance had refreshed the exhausted energies of the desolate wanderer; in an instant he collected his senses, remembered all that had past, and comprehended his present situation. He returned the lion a glance as imperious, and fierce, and scrutinizing as his own. For a moment their flashing orbs vied in regal rivalry; but at length the spirit of the mere animal yielded to the genius of the man. The lion cowed, slunk away, stalked with haughty timidity through the rocks, and then sprang into the forest.

IV.

Morn breaks; a silver light is shed over the blue and starry sky. Pleasant

to feel is the breath of dawn. Night brings repose, but day brings joy.

The carol of a lonely bird singing in the wilderness! A lonely bird that sings with glee! Sunny and sweet, and light and clear, its airy notes float through the sky, and trill with innocent revelry.

The lonely youth on the lonely bird upgazes from the fountain side. High in the air it proudly floats, balancing its crimson wings, and its snowy tail, long, delicate, and thin, shines like a sparkling meteor in the sun.

The carol of a lonely bird singing in the wilderness! Suddenly it downward dashes, and thrice with circling grace it flies around the head of the Hebrew Prince. Then by his side it gently drops a bunch of fresh and fragrant dates.

'Tis gone, 'tis gone! that cheerful

stranger, gone to the palmy land it loves; gone like a bright and pleasant dream. A moment since and it was there, glancing in the sunny air, and now the sky is without a guest. Alas, alas! no more is heard, the carol of that lonely bird singing in the wilderness.

V.

"As thou didst feed Elisha, so also hast thou fed me, God of my fathers!" And Alroy arose, and he took his turban and unfolded it, and knelt and prayed. And then he eat of the dates, and drank of the fountain, and full of confidence in the God of Israel, the descendant of David pursued his flight.

He now commenced the ascent of the

mountainous chain, a wearisome and painful toil. Two hours past noon he reached the summit of the first ridge, and looked over a wild and chaotic waste full of precipices and ravines, and dark unfathomable gorges. The surrounding hills were ploughed in all directions by the courses of dried up cataracts, and here and there a few savage goats browsed on an occasional patch of lean and sour pasture. This waste extended for many miles: the distance formed by a more elevated range of mountains, and beyond these, high in the blue sky, rose the loftiest peaks of Elburz,[8] shining with sharp glaciers of eternal snow.

It was apparent that Alroy was no stranger in the scene of his flight. He had never hesitated as to his course, and now, after having rested for a short time

on the summit, he descended towards the left by a natural but intricate path, until his progress was arrested by a black ravine. Scarcely half a dozen yards divided him from the opposite precipice by which it was formed, but the gulf beneath—no one could shoot a glance at its invisible termination without drawing back with a cold shudder.

The Prince knelt down and examined the surrounding ground with great care. At length he raised a small square stone which covered a metallic plate, and taking from his vest a cornelian talisman covered with strange characters,[9] he knocked thrice upon the plate with the signet. A low solemn murmur sounded around. Presently the plate flew off, and Alroy pulled forth several yards of an iron chain, which he threw over to the opposite pre-

cipice. The chain fastened without difficulty to the rock, and was evidently constrained by some magnetic influence. The Prince, seizing the chain with both his hands, now swung across the ravine. As he landed, the chain parted from the rock, swiftly disappeared down the opposite aperture, and its covering closed with the same low, solemn murmur as before.

VI.

Alroy proceeded for about a hundred paces through a natural cloister of basalt until he arrived at a large uncovered court of the same formation, which a stranger might easily have been excused for believing to have been formed and smoothed by art. In its centre bubbled

up a perpetual spring, icy cold; the stream had worn a channel through the pavement, and might be traced for some time wandering among the rocks, until it at length leaped from a precipice, into a gorge below, in a gauzy shower of variegated spray. Crossing the court, Alroy now entered a vast cavern.

The cavern was nearly circular in form, lighted from a large aperture in the top. Yet a burning lamp in a distant and murky corner indicated that its inhabitant did not trust merely to this natural source of the great blessing of existence. In the centre of the cave was a circular and brazen table, sculptured with strange characters and mysterious figures: near it was a couch on which lie several volumes. [10] Suspended from the walls were a shield, some bows and arrows, and other arms.

As the Prince of the Captivity knelt down and kissed the vacant couch, a figure advanced from the extremity of the cavern into the light. He was a man of middle age, considerably above the common height, with a remarkably athletic frame, and a strongly marked, but majestic countenance. His black beard descended to his waist, over a dark red robe, encircled by a black girdle embroidered with yellow characters, like those sculptured on the brazen table. Black also was his turban, and black his large and luminous eyes.

The stranger advanced so softly, that Alroy did not perceive him, until the Prince again rose up.

"Jabaster!" exclaimed the Prince.

"Sacred seed of David," answered the Cabalist, "thou art expected. I read of

thee in the stars last night. They spoke of trouble."

"Trouble or triumph, Time must prove which it is, great master. At present I am a fugitive and exhausted. The blood-hounds track me, but methinks I have baffled them now. I have slain an Ishmaelite."

PART III.

I.

It was midnight. Alroy slept upon the couch: his sleep was troubled. Jabaster stood by his side motionless, and gazing intently upon his slumbering guest.

"The only hope of Israel," murmured the Cabalist, "my pupil and my prince! I have long perceived in his young mind the seed of mighty deeds, and o'er his future life have often mused with a prophetic hope. The blood of David, the sacred offspring of a solemn race. There is a magic in his flowing veins my science cannot reach.

" When in my youth I raised our standard by my native Tigris, and called our nation to restore their ark, why we were numerous, wealthy, potent; we were a people then, and they flocked to it boldly. Did we lack counsel? did we need a leader? Who can aver Jabaster's brain or arm was ever wanting? And yet the dream dissolved, the glorious vision. Oh! when I struck down Marvan, and the Caliph's camp flung its blazing shadow o'er the bloody river—ah! then indeed I lived. Twenty years of vigil may gain a pardon that I then forgot we lacked the chief ingredient in the spell,—the blood that sleeps beside me.

" I recall the glorious rapture of that sacred strife amid the rocks of Caucasus. A fugitive, a proscribed and outlawed wretch, whose life is common sport, and

whom the vilest hind may slay without a bidding. I who would have been Messiah !

" Burn thy books Jabaster; break thy brazen tables; forget thy lofty science, Cabalist, and read the stars no longer. " But last night I stood upon the gulf which girds my dwelling : in one hand, I held my sacred talisman, that bears the name ineffable ; in the other, the mystic record of our holy race. I remembered that I had evoked spirits, that I had communed with the great departed, and that the glowing heavens were to me a natural language. I recalled, as consolation to my gloomy soul, that never had my science e'er been exercised but for a sacred or a noble purpose. And I remembered Israel, my brave, my chosen, and my antique race,---slaves, wretched

slaves. I was strongly tempted to fling me down this perilous abyss, and end my learning and my life together.

"But as I gazed upon the star of David, a sudden halo rose around its rays, and ever and anon a meteor shot from out the silver veil. I read that there was trouble in the holy seed; and now comes this boy, who has done a deed which---"

"The ark, the ark! I gaze upon the ark!"

"The slumberer speaks; the words of sleep are sacred."

"Salvation only from the house of David."

"A mighty truth; my life too well has proved it.

"He is more calm. It is the holy hour. I'll steal into the court, and gaze upon the star that sways the fortunes of his royal house."

II.

The moon-beam fell upon the fountain; the pavement of the court was a flood of light; the rocks rose dark around. Jabaster seated by the spring, and holding his talisman in his left hand, shaded his sight with the other, as he gazed upon the luminous heavens.

A shriek, his name was called. Alroy, wild and panting, rushed into the court, with extended arms. The Cabalist started up, seized him, and held him in his careful grasp, foaming and in convulsions.

"Jabaster, Jabaster!"

"I am here, my child."

"The Lord hath spoken."

"The Lord is our refuge. Calm thyself, son of David, and tell me all."

"I have been sleeping, master; is it not so?"

"Even so, my child. Exhausted by his flight and the exciting narrative of his exploit, my Prince laid down upon the couch and slumbered; but I fear that slumber was not repose."

"Repose and I have nought in common now. Farewell for ever to that fatal word. I am the Lord's anointed."

"Drink of the fountain, David: it will restore thee."

"Restore the covenant, restore the ark, restore the holy city."

"The Spirit of the Lord hath fallen upon him. Son of David, I adjure thee tell me all that hath past. I am a Levite; in my hand I hold the name ineffable."

"Take thy trumpet, then, summon

the people, bid them swiftly raise again our temple. 'The bricks have fallen, but we will rebuild with marble.' Didst hear that chorus, sir?"

"Unto thy chosen ear alone it sounded."

"Nay, nay, it was not here. And yet, Miriam, Miriam, my sister, my sweet sister, how thou wouldst weep, to know that which has happened, tears, tears of joy, girl! Where am I? This is not our fountain. Yet thou didst say, 'The fountain.' Think me not wild. I know thee, I know all. Thou art Jabaster; I am Alroy. But thou didst say, 'The fountain,' and it distracted me, and called back my memory to——

"God of Israel, lo, I kneel before thee! Here, in the solitude of wildest nature, my only witness here this holy man, I

kneel and vow. Lord! I will do thy bidding. I am young, I am very young, O God, and weak; but thou, Lord, art all-powerful. What God is like to thee! Doubt not my courage, Lord, and fill me with thy spirit; but remember, remember her, O Lord, remember Miriam. It is the only worldly thought I have, and it is pure."

"Still of his sister—calm thyself, my son."

"Holy master, thou dost remember when I was thy pupil in this cavern. Thou hast not forgotten those days of tranquil study, those sweet, long, wandering nights of sacred science! I was dutiful, and hung upon each accent of thy lore with the devotion that must spring from love."

"I cannot weep, Alroy; but were it

in my power, I would yield a tear of homageo the memory of those days."

"How calmly have we sat on some high brow, and gazed upon the stars!"

"'Tis very true, sweet child."

"And if thou e'er didst chide me, 'twas half in jest, and only for my silence."

"What would he now infer? No matter, he grows calmer. How solemn is his visage in the moonlight! And yet not Solomon, upon his youthful throne, could look more beautiful."

"I never told thee an untruth, Jabaster."

"My life upon thy faith."

"Fear not the pledge, and so believe me — on the mountain brow, watching the starry heavens with thyself, I was not calmer than I feel, sir, now."

"I do believe thee."

"Then, Jabaster, believe as fully I am the Lord's anointed."

"Tell me all, my child."

"Know, then, that sleeping on the couch within, my sleep was troubled. Many dreams I had, indefinite and broken. I recall none of their images, except I feel a dim sensation 'twas my lot to live in brighter days than now rise on our race. Suddenly I stood upon a mountain tall and grey, and gazed upon the stars. And as I gazed, a trumpet sounded. Its note thrilled through my soul. Never have I heard a sound so awful. The thunder, when it broke over the cavern here, and shivered the peak, whose ruins lie around us, was but a feeble worldly sound to this almighty music. My cheek grew pale, I panted even for

breath. A flaming light spread over the sky, the stars melted away, and I beheld, advancing from the bursting radiancy, the foremost body of a mighty host.

"Oh! not when Saul led forth our fighting men against the Philistine, not when Joab numbered the warriors of my great ancestor, did human vision gaze upon a scene of so much martial splendour. Chariots and cavalry, and glittering trains of plumed warriors too robust to need a courser's solace; streams of shining spears, and banners like a sunset; reverend priests swinging their perfumed censers, and prophets hymning with their golden harps a most triumphant future.

"'Joy, joy,' they say, 'to Israel, for he cometh; he cometh in his splendour and his might, the great Messiah of our ancient hopes.'

" And, lo ! a mighty chariot now appeared, drawn by strange beasts, whose forms were half obscured by the bright flames on which they seemed to float. In that glorious car a warrior stood, proud and immovable, his form, his countenance —hold my hand, Jabaster, while I speak —that chieftain was myself !"

" Proceed, proceed, my son."

" I started in my dream, and I awoke. I found myself upsitting on my couch. The pageantry had vanished. Nought was seen but the bright moonlight and the gloomy cave. And as I sighed to think I e'er had waken, and mused upon the strangeness of my vision, a small still voice descended from above and called 'Alroy !' I started, but I answered not. Methought it was my fancy. Again my name was called, and now I murmured —

'Lord, I am here, what wouldest thou?' Nought responded, and soon great dread came o'er me, and I rushed out and called to thee, my master."

"It was 'the Daughter of the Voice'[12] that spake. Since the captivity 'tis the only mode by which the saints are summoned. Oft have I heard of it, but never in these sad degenerate days has its soft aspiration fallen upon us. These are strange times and tidings. The building of the temple is at hand. Son of David, my heart is full. Let us to prayer!"

III.

Day dawned upon Jabaster, still musing in solitude among his rocks. Within the cavern Alroy remained in prayer.

Often and anxiously the Cabalist shot a glance at his companion, and then again relapsed into reverie.

"The time is come that I must to this youth reveal the secrets of my early life. Much will he hear of glory, much of shame. Nought must I conceal, and nought gloss over.

"I must tell how in the plains of Tigris I upraised the sacred standard of our chosen race, and called them from their bondage; how, despairing of his recreant fathers, and inspired by human power alone, I vainly claimed the mighty office for his sacred blood alone reserved. God of my fathers, grant that future service, the humble service of a contrite soul, may, in the coming glory that awaits us, atone for past presumption!

"But for him great trials are impend-

ing. Not lightly must that votary be proved, who fain would free a people. The Lord is faithful to his promise, but the Lord will choose his season and his minister. Courage, and faith, and deep humility, and strong endurance, and the watchful soul temptation cannot sully: these are the fruits we lay upon his altar, and meekly watch if some descending flame will vouchsafe to accept and brightly bless them.

"It is written in the dread volume of our mystic lore, that not alone the Saviour shall spring from out our house of princes, but that none shall rise to free us until, alone and unassisted, he have gained the sceptre Solomon antiquely wielded within his cedar palaces.

"That sceptre must he gain. This fragile youth, untried and delicate, un-

knowing in the ways of this strange world, where every step is danger. How much hardship, how much peril, what withering disappointment, what dull care, what long despondency, what never-ending lures, now lie in ambush for this gentle boy! O! my countrymen, is this thy hope? And I, with all my lore, and all my courage, and all my deep intelligence of man; unhappy Israel, why am I not thy prince?

"I check the blasphemous thought. Did not his great ancestor, as young and as untried, a beardless stripling, but with a pebble, a small, smooth stone, level a mailed giant to the ground, and save his people?

"He is clearly summoned. The Lord is with him. Be he with the Lord, and we shall prosper."

IV.

It was at sunset, on the third day after the arrival of Alroy at the cave of the Cabalist, that the Prince of the Captivity commenced his pilgrimage in quest of the sceptre of Solomon.

Silently the pilgrim and his master took their way to the brink of the ravine, and there they stopped to part—perhaps for ever.

"It is a bitter moment, Alroy. Human feelings are not for beings like us, yet they will have their way. Remember, remember all. Cherish the talisman as thy life—nay! welcome death with it pressing against thy heart, sooner than breathe without it. Be firm, be pious. Think of thy ancestors, think of thy God."

"Doubt me not, dear master; if I seem not full of that proud spirit, which was perhaps too much my wont, ascribe it not to fear, Jabaster, nor even to the pain of leaving thee, dear friend. But ever since that sweet and solemn voice summoned me so thrillingly,—I know not how it is,—but a change has come over my temper; yet I am firm, oh! firmer far than when I struck down the Ishmaelite. Indeed, indeed, fear not for me. The Lord, that knoweth all things, knows full well I am prepared even to the death. Thy prayers, Jabaster, and——"

"Stop, stop. I do remember me. See this ring: 'tis a choice emerald. Thou mayst have wondered I should wear a bauble. Alroy, I had a brother once: still he may live. When we

parted, this was the signal of his love: a love, my child, strong, though we greatly differed. Take it. The hour may come that thou mayst need his aid. It will command it. If he live, he prospers. I know his temper well. He was made for what the worldly deem prosperity. God be with thee, sacred boy: the God of our great fathers—the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob."

They embraced.

"We linger," exclaimed the Cabalist, "we linger. Oh! in vain we quell the feelings of our kind. God, God, bless and be with thee. Art sure hast all? thy dagger and thy wallet? That staff has seen some service. I cut it on the Jordan. Ah! that I could be thy mate! 'Twould be nothing then. At the worst, to die together. Such a fate seems sweeter

now than parting. I'll watch thy star, my child. Thou weepest! And I too. Why! what is this? Am I indeed Jabaster? One more embrace, and so—— we'll not say farewell, but only think it."

PART IV.

I.

TRADITION delivered that the sceptre of Solomon could be found only in the unknown sepulchres of the ancient Hebrew monarchs, and that none might dare to touch it but one of their descendants. Armed with the cabalistic talisman, which was to guide him in his awful and difficult researches, Alroy commenced his pilgrimage to the Holy City. At this time, the love of these sacred wanderings was a reigning passion among the Jews, as well as Christians.

The Prince of the Captivity was to direct his course into the heart of those great desarts which, in his flight from Hamadan, he had only skirted. Following the track of the caravan, he was to make his way to Babylon, or Bagdad. From the capital of the Caliphs, his journey to Jerusalem was one comparatively easy ; but to reach Bagdad he must encounter hardship and danger, the prospect of which would have divested any one of hope, who did not conceive himself the object of an omnipotent and particular Providence.

Clothed only in a coarse black frock, common among the Kourds, girded round his centre by a cord which held his dagger, his head shaven, and covered with a large white turban, which screened him from the heat, his feet protected only by slip-

pers, supported by his staff, and bearing on his shoulders a bag of dried meat and parched corn, and a leathern skin of water, behold a youth toiling over the glowing sands of Persia, whose life had hitherto been a long unbroken dream of domestic luxury and innocent indulgence.

He travelled during the warm night, or the early starlit morn. During the day he rested: happy if he could recline by the side of some charitable well, shaded by a palm tree, or frighten a gazelle from its resting-place among the rough bushes of some wild rocks. Were these resources wanting, he threw himself upon the sand, and made an awning with his staff and turban.

Three weeks had elapsed since he quitted the cavern of the Cabalist. Hi-

therto he had met with no human being. The desart became less arid. A scanty vegetation sprang up from a more genial soil, the ground broke into gentle undulations, his senses were invigorated with the odour of wild plants, and his sight refreshed by the glancing form of some wandering bird, a pilgrim like himself, but more at ease.

Soon sprang up a grove of graceful palm trees, with their tall thin stems, and bending feathery crowns, languid and beautiful. Around, the verdant sod gleamed like an emerald: silver streams, flowing from a bubbling parent spring, wound their white forms within the bright green turf. From the grove arose the softening song of doves, and showers of gay and sparkling butterflies, borne on their tinted wings of shifting light, danced

without danger in the liquid air. A fair and fresh Oasis !

II.

Alroy reposed in this delicious retreat for two days, feeding on the living dates, and drinking of the fresh water. Fain would he have lingered, nor indeed until he rested, had he been sufficiently conscious of his previous exertion. But the remembrance of his great mission made him restless, and steeled him to the suffering which yet awaited him.

At the dawn of the second day of his journey from the oasis, he beheld, to his astonishment, faintly but distinctly traced on the far horizon, the walls and turrets of an extensive city.[13] Animated by this

unexpected prospect, he continued his progress for several hours after sunrise. At length, utterly exhausted, he sought refuge from the overpowering heat beneath the cupola of the ruined tomb of some Moslemin saint. At sunset he continued his journey, and in the morning found himself within a few miles of the city. He halted and watched with anxiety for some evidence of its inhabitants. None was visible. No crowds or cavalcades issued from the gates. Not a single human being, not a solitary camel moved in the vicinity.

The day was too advanced for the pilgrim to proceed, but so great was his anxiety to reach this unknown settlement, and penetrate the mystery of its silence, that ere sunset Alroy entered the gates.

A magnificent city, of an architecture

with which he was unacquainted, offered to his entranced vision its gorgeous ruins and deserted splendour; long streets of palaces, with their rich line of lessening pillars, here and there broken by some fallen shaft, vast courts surrounded by ornate and solemn temples, and luxurious baths, adorned with rare mosaics, and yet bright with antique gilding: now an arch of triumph still haughty with its broken friezes, now a granite obelisk covered with strange characters, and proudly towering o'er a prostrate companion; sometimes a void and crumbling theatre, sometimes a long and elegant aqueduct, sometimes a porphyry column, once breathing with the heroic statue that now lies shivered at its base—all suffused with the warm twilight of an Eastern eve.

He gazed with wonder and admiration upon the strange and fascinating scene. The more he beheld, the more his curiosity was excited. He breathed with difficulty; he advanced with a blended feeling of eagerness and hesitation. Fresh wonders successively unfolded themselves. Each turn developed a new scene of still and solemn splendour. The echo of his step filled him with awe. He looked around him with an amazed air, a fluttering heart, and changing countenance. All was silent: alone the Hebrew Prince stood amid the regal creation of the Macedonian captains. Empires and dynasties flourish and pass away, the proud metropolis becomes a solitude, the conquering kingdom even a desart; but Israel still remains, still a descendant of the most ancient kings breathed amid these royal ruins,

and still the eternal sun could never rise without gilding the towers of living Jerusalem. A word, a deed, a single day, a single man, and we might be a nation.

A shout; he turns, he is seized; four ferocious Kourdish bandits grapple and bind him.

III.

The bandits hurried their captive through a street which appeared to have been the principal way of the city. Nearly at its termination they turned by a small Ionian temple, and clambering over some fallen pillars, they entered a quarter of the city of a more ruinous aspect, than that which Alroy had hitherto visited. The path was narrow, often obstructed,

and around were signs of devastation for which the exterior of the city had not prepared him.

The brilliant but brief twilight of the Orient was fast fading away ; a sombre purple tint succeeded to the rosy flush, the distant towers rose black, although defined in the clear and shadowy air, and the moon, which when he first entered, had studded the heavens like a small white cloud, now glittered with deceptive light.

Suddenly before them rose a huge pile. Oval in shape, and formed by tiers of arches, it was evidently much dilapidated, and one enormous, irregular, and undulating rent, extending from the top nearly to the foundation, almost separated the side to which Alroy and his companions advanced.

Clambering up the remainder of this massy wall, the robbers and their prisoner descended into an immense amphitheatre, which seemed vaster in the shadowy and streaming moonlight. In it were groups of men, horses, and camels. In the extreme distance, reclining or squatting on mats and carpets, was a large assembly engaged in a rough but merry banquet. A fire blazed at their side, its red and uncertain flame mingling with the white and steady moonbeam, and throwing a flickering light over their ferocious countenances, their glistening armour, ample drapery, and shawled heads.

"A spy," exclaimed the captors, as they dragged Alroy before the leader of the band.

"Hang him, then," said the chieftain, without even looking up.

"This wine, great Scherirah, is excellent, or I am no true Moslemin," said a principal robber; "but you are too cruel; I hate this summary punishment. Let us torture him a little, and extract some useful information."

"As you like, Kisloch," said Scherirah; "it may amuse us. Fellow, where do you come from? He cannot answer. Decidedly a spy. Hang him up."

The captors half untied the rope that bound Alroy, that it might serve him for another purpose, when another of the gentle companions of Scherirah interfered.

"Spies always answer, captain. He is more probably a merchant in disguise."

"And carries hidden treasure," added Kisloch; "these rough coats often cover jewels. We had better search him."

"Ay! search him," said Scherirah, with his rough, brutal voice; "do what you like, only give me the bottle. This Greek wine is choice booty. Feed the fire, men. Are you asleep? And then Kisloch, who hates cruelty, can roast him, if he likes."

The robbers prepared to strip their captive. "Friends, friends!" exclaimed Alroy, "for there is no reason why you should not be friends, spare me, spare me. I am poor, I am young, I am innocent. I am neither a spy nor a merchant. I have no plots, no wealth. I am a pilgrim."

"A decided spy," exclaimed Scherirah; "they are ever pilgrims."

"He speaks too well to speak truth," exclaimed Kisloch.

"All talkers are liars," exclaimed Scherirah.

" That is why Kisloch is the most eloquent of the band."

" A jest at the banquet may prove a curse in the field," replied Kisloch.

" Pooh !" exclaimed Scherirah. " Fellows, why do you hesitate ? Search the prisoner, I say !"

They advanced, they seized him. In vain he struggled.

" Captain," exclaimed one of the band, " he wears upon his breast a jewel !"

" I told you so," said the third robber.

" Give it me," said Scherirah.

But Alroy, in despair, at the thought of losing the talisman, remembering the injunctions of Jabaster, and animated by supernatural courage, burst from his searchers, and, seizing a brand from the fire, held them at bay.

"The fellow has spirit," said Scherirah calmly. "'Tis pity it will cost him his life."

"Bold man," exclaimed Alroy, "for a moment hear me! I am a pilgrim, poorer than a beggar. The jewel they talk of is a holy emblem, worthless to you, to me invaluable, and to be forfeited only by my life. You may be careless of that. Beware of your own. The first man who advances, dies. I pray you humbly, chieftain, let me go."

"Kill him!" said Scherirah.

"Stab him!" exclaimed Kisloch.

"Give me the jewel," said the third robber.

"The God of David be my refuge, then!" exclaimed Alroy.

"He is a Hebrew, he is a Hebrew," exclaimed Scherirah, jumping up. "Spare

him! spare him! my mother was a Jewess."

The assailants lowered their arms, and withdrew a few paces. Alroy still remained upon his guard.

"Valiant pilgrim," said Scherirah, advancing, with a softened voice, "are you for the holy city?"

"The city of my fathers.'

"A perilous journey. And whence from?"

"Hamadan."

"A dreary way. You need repose. Your name?"

"David."

"David, you are among friends. Rest and repose in safety. You hesitate. Fear not! The memory of my mother is a charm that always changes me." Scherirah unsheathed his dagger, punctured his

arm, and, throwing away the weapon, offered the bleeding member to Alroy. The prince of the Captivity touched the open vein with his lips.

"My troth is pledged," said the bandit; "I can never betray him in whose veins my own blood is flowing."[14] So saying, he led Alroy to his carpet.

IV.

"Eat, David," said Scherirah.

"I will eat bread," answered Alroy.

"What have you had so much meat lately that you will refuse this delicate gazelle that I have brought down this morning with my own lance? 'Tis food for a Caliph."

"I pray you give me bread."

"Oh! bread if you like. But that a man should prefer bread to meat, and such meat as this, 'tis miraculous."

"A thousand thanks, good Scherirah; but with our people the flesh of the gazelle is forbidden. It is unclean. Its foot is cloven."

"I have heard of these things," replied Scherirah, with a thoughtful air. "My mother was a Jewess, and my father was a Kourd. Whichever be right, I hope to be saved."

"There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" exclaimed Kisloch; "though I drink wine. Your health, Hebrew."

"I will join you," said the third robber. "My father was a Guebre, and sacrificed his property to his faith; and the consequence is, his son has got neither."

"As for me," said a fourth robber, of very dark complexion and singularly small bright eyes, "I am an Indian, and I believe in the great golden figure with carbuncle eyes, in the Temple of Delhi."

"I have no religion," said a tall negro, in a red turban, grinning with his white teeth; "they have none in my country; but if I had heard of your God before, Calidas, I would have believed in him."

"I almost wish I had been a Jew," exclaimed Scherirah musing. "My mother was a good woman."

"The Jews are very rich," said the third robber.

"When you get to Jerusalem, David, you will see the Christians," continued Scherirah.

"The accursed Giaours," exclaimed Kisloch, "we are all against them."

"With their white faces," exclaimed the Negro.

"And their blue eyes," said the Indian.

"What can you expect of men who live in a country without a Sun?" observed the Guebre.

V.

Alroy woke about two hours after midnight. His companions were in deep slumber. The moon had set, the fire had died away, a few red embers alone remaining; dark masses of shadow hung about the amphitheatre. He arose and cautiously stepped over the sleeping bandits. He was not, in strictness, a prisoner; but who could trust to the caprice of

these lawless men? To-morrow might find him their slave, or their companion in some marauding expedition, which might make him almost retrace his steps to the Caucasus or to Hamadan. The temptation to ensure his freedom was irresistible. He clambered up the ruined wall, descended into the intricate windings that led to the Ionic fane, that served him as a beacon, hurried through the silent and starry streets, gained the great portal, and rushed once more into the desart.

A vague fear of pursuit made him continue his course many hours without resting. The desart again became sandy, the heat increased. The breeze that plays about the wilderness, and in early spring is often scented with the wild fragrance of aromatic plants, sank away. A lurid

brightness suffused the heavens. An appalling stillness pervaded nature; even the insects were silent. For the first time in his pilgrimage, a feeling of deep despondency fell over the soul of Alroy. His energy appeared suddenly to have deserted him. A low hot wind began to rise, and fan his cheek with pestiferous kisses, and enervate his frame with its poisonous embrace. His head and limbs ached with a dull sensation, more terrible than pain; his sight was dizzy, his tongue swollen. Vainly he looked around for aid, vainly he extended his forlorn arms, and wrung them to the remorseless heaven. Almost frantic with thirst, the boundless horizon of the desart disappeared, and the unhappy victim, in the midst of his torture, found himself apparently surrounded by bright and running

streams, the fleeting waters of the false Mirage!

The Sun became blood-red, the sky darker, the sand rose in fierce eddies, the moaning wind burst into shrieks and respired a more ardent and still more malignant breath. The pilgrim could no longer sustain himself.[15] Faith, courage, devotion, deserted him with his failing energies. He strove no longer with his destiny, he delivered himself up to despair and death. He fell upon one knee with drooping head, supporting himself by one quivering hand, and then, full of the anguish of baffled purposes and lost affections, raising his face and arm to heaven, thus to the elements he poured his passionate farewell.

"O Life once vainly deemed a gloomy toil, I feel thy sweetness now;

Farewell, O life, farewell my high resolves and proud conviction of almighty fame. My days, my short unprofitable days, melt into the past; and death, with which I struggle, horrible death, arrests me in this wilderness. O my sister, could thy voice, thy sweet, sweet voice, but murmur in my ear one single sigh of love; could thine eye with its soft radiance but an instant blend with my dim fading vision, the pang were nothing. Farewell, Miriam! my heart is with thee by thy fountain's side. Fatal blast, bear her my dying words, my blessing. And ye, too, friends, whose too neglected love I think of now, farewell! Farewell, my uncle, farewell pleasant home, and Hamadan's serene and shadowy bowers! Farewell, Jabaster, and the mighty lore of which thou wert the priest and I the

pupil! Thy talisman throbs on my faithful heart. Green Earth and golden Sun, and all the beautiful and glorious sights ye fondly lavish on unthinking man, farewell, farewell! I die in the desart, 'tis bitter. No more, oh! never more, for me the hopeful day shall break, and its fresh breeze rise on its cheering wings of health and joy. Heaven and earth, water and air, my chosen country, and my antique creed, farewell, farewell! And thou, too, City of my soul, I cannot name thee, unseen Jerusalem—"

Amid the roar of the wind, the bosom of the earth heaved and opened, swift columns of sand sprang up to the lurid sky, and hurried towards their victim. With the clang of universal chaos, impenetrable darkness descended on the desart.

PART V.

I.

"Now our dreary way is o'er, now the desart's toil is past. Soon the river broadly flowing, through its green and palmy banks, to our wearied limbs shall offer, baths which Caliphs cannot buy. Allah-illah, Allah-hu. Allah-illah, Allah-hu."

"Blessed the man who now may bear a relic from our prophet's tomb, blessed the man who now unfolds the treasures of a distant mart, jewels of the dusky East, and silks of farthest Samarcand. Allah-illah, Allah-hu. Allah-illah, Allah-hu."

"Him the sacred Mosque shall greet with a reverence grave and low, him the busy Bezestein shall welcome with confiding smile. Holy merchant, now receive the double triumph of thy toil. Allah-illah, Allah-hu, Allah-illah, Allah-hu."

"The camel jibs, Abdallah! See, there is something in the track."

"By the holy stone,[16] a dead man. Poor devil! One should never make a pilgrimage on foot. I hate your humble piety. Prick the beast and he will pass the corpse."

"The prophet preaches charity, Abdallah. He has favoured my enterprize, and I will practice his precept. See if he be utterly dead."

It was the Mecca caravan returning to Bagdad. The pilgrims were within a

day's journey of the Euphrates, and welcomed their approach to fertile earth with a triumphant chorus. Far as the eye could reach, the long line of their straggling procession stretched across the wilderness, thousands of camels in strings, laden with bales of merchandize, and each company headed by an animal of superior size leading with tinkling bells, groups of horsemen, clusters of litters; all the pilgrims armed to their teeth, the van formed by a strong division of Seljukian cavalry, and the rear protected by a Kourdish clan, who guaranteed the security of the pious travellers through their country.

Abdallah was the favourite slave of the charitable merchant Ali. In obedience to his master's orders, he unwillingly descended from his camel, and

examined the body of the apparently lifeless Alroy.

"A Kourd, by his dress," exclaimed Abdallah, with a sneer, "what does he here?"

"It is not the face of a Kourd," replied Ali, "perchance a pilgrim from the mountains?"

"Whatever he be, he is dead," answered the slave: "I doubt not an accursed Giaour."

"God is great," exclaimed Ali, "he breathes; the breast of his caftan heaved."

"'Twas the wind," said Abdallah.

"'Twas the sigh of a human heart," answered Ali.

Several pilgrims who were on foot had now gathered round the group.

"I am a Hakim,"[17] observed a dignified

Armenian. "I will feel his pulse; 'tis dull, but it beats."

"There is but one God," exclaimed Ali.

"And Mahomed is his prophet," responded Abdallah. "You do not believe in him, you Armenian infidel."

"I am a Hakim," replied the dignified Armenian. "Although an infidel, God has granted me skill to cure true believers. Worthy Ali, believe me, the boy may yet live."

"Hakim, you shall count your own dirhems if he breathe in my divan in Bagdad," answered Ali; "I have taken a fancy to the boy. God has sent him to me. He shall carry my slippers."

"Give me a camel, and I will save his life."

"We have none," said the servant.

"Walk, Abdallah," said the master.

"Is a true believer to walk to save the life of a Kourd? Master slipper-bearer shall answer for this, if there be any sweetness in the bastinado," murmured Abdallah.

The Armenian blooded Alroy; the blood flowed slowly but surely. The Prince of the Captivity opened his eyes.

"There is but one God!" exclaimed Ali.

"The evil eye fall on him!"[18] muttered Abdallah.

The Armenian took a cordial from his vest, and poured it down his patient's throat. The blood flowed more freely.

"He will live, worthy merchant," said the physician.

"And Mahomed is his prophet," continued Ali.

"By the stone of Mecca, I believe it is a Jew," shouted Abdallah.

"The dog!" exclaimed Ali.

"Pah!" said a negro-slave, drawing back with disgust.

"He will die," said the Christian physician, not even binding up the vein.

"And be damned," said Abdallah, jumping again on his camel.

The party rode on, the caravan proceeded. A Kourdish horseman galloped forward. He curbed his steed as he passed Alroy bleeding to death.

"What accursed slave has wounded one of my clan?"

The Kourd jumped off his horse, stripped off a slip of his blue shirt, stanched the wound, and carried the unhappy Alroy to the rear.

The Desart ceased, the caravan entered

upon a vast but fruitful plain. In the extreme distance might be detected a long undulating line of palm trees. The van guard gave a shout, shook their tall lances in the air, and rattled their scymetars in rude chorus against their small round iron shields. All eyes sparkled, all hands were raised, all voices sounded, save those that were breathless from overpowering joy. After months wandering in the sultry wilderness they beheld the great Euphrates.

Broad, and fresh, and magnificent, and serene, the mighty waters rolled through the beautiful and fertile earth. A vital breeze rose from their bosom. Every being responded to their genial influence. The sick were cured, the despondingbecame sanguine, the healthy and light-hearted broke into shouts of laughter,

jumped from their camels, and embraced the fragrant earth, or wild in their renovated strength, galloped over the plain, and threw their wanton jerreeds in the air,[19] as if to show their suffering and labour had not deprived them of that skill and strength, without which it were vain again to enter the haunts of their less adventurous brethren.

The caravan halted on the banks of the broad river glowing in the cool sunset. The camp was pitched, the plain glittered with tents. The camels falling on their knees, crouched in groups, the merchandize piled up in masses by their sides. The unharnessed horses rushed neighing about the plain, tossing their glad heads, and rolling in the unaccustomed pasture. Spreading their mats, and kneeling towards Mecca, the pilgrims perform-

ed their evening orisons. Never was thanksgiving more sincere. They arose; some rushed into the river, some lighted lamps, some pounded coffee.[20] Troops of smiling villagers arrived with fresh provisions eager to prey upon such light hearts and heavy purses. It was one of those occasions when the accustomed gravity of the Orient disappears. Long through the night the sounds of music and the shouts of laughter were heard on the banks of that starry river, long through the night you might have listened with enchantment to the wild tales of the storier, or gazed with fascination on the wilder gestures of the dancing girls.[21]

II.

The great Bazaar of Bagdad afforded a very animated and sumptuous spectacle on the day after the arrival of the caravan. All the rare and costly products of the world were collected in that celebrated mart: the shawls of Cashmere and the silks of Syria, the ivory, and plumes, and gold of Afric, the jewels of Ind, the talismans of Egypt, the perfumes and manuscripts of Persia, the spices and gums of Araby, beautiful horses, more beautiful slaves, cloaks of sable, pelisses of ermine, armour alike magnificent in ornament and temper, rare animals, still rarer birds, blue apes in silver collars, white gazelles bound by a golden chain, greyhounds,

peacocks, paroquets. And every where strange, and busy, and excited groups; men of all nations, creeds, and climes: the sumptuous and haughty Turk, the graceful and subtle Arab, the Hebrew with his black cap and anxious countenance; the Armenian Christian, with his dark flowing robes, and mild demeanour, and serene visage. Here strutted the lively, affected, and superfine Persian; and there the Circassian stalked with his long hair and chain cuirass. The fair Georgian jostled the ebony form of the merchant of Dongola or Sennaar.

Through the long, narrow, arched, and winding streets of the Bazaar, lined on each side with loaded stalls, all was bustle, bargaining, and barter. A passenger approached, apparently of no common rank. Two pages preceded him, beautiful Geor-

gian boys, clothed in crimson cloth, and caps of the same material, setting tight to their heads, with long golden tassels. One bore a blue velvet bag, and the other a clasped and richly-bound volume. Four footmen, armed, followed their master, who rode behind the pages on a milk-white mule. He was a man of middle age, eminently handsome. His ample robes concealed the only fault in his appearance, a figure which indulgence had rendered somewhat too ample. His eyes were large, and soft, and dark; his nose aquiline, but delicately moulded; his mouth small, and beautifully proportioned; his lip full and red; his teeth regular, and dazzling white. His ebony beard flowed, but not at too great a length, in graceful and natural curls, and was richly perfumed; a delicate mustachio

shaded his upper lip, but no whisker was permitted to screen the form and shroud the lustre of his oval countenance and brilliant complexion. Altogether, the animal, perhaps, predominated too much in the expression of the stranger's countenance, but genius beamed from his passionate eye, and craft lay concealed in that subtle lip. The dress of the rider was sumptuous. His turban formed by a scarlet Cashmere shawl, was of great breadth, and, concealing half of his white forehead, increased by the contrast the radiant height of the other. His under vest was of white Damascus silk, stiff with silver embroidery, and confined by a girdle formed by a Brusa scarf of gold stuff, and holding a dagger, whose hilt appeared blazing with brilliants and rubies. His loose and exterior robe was

of crimson cloth. His white hands sparkled with rings, and his ears glittered with pendulous gems.

"Who is this?" asked an Egyptian merchant, in a low whisper, of the dealer whose stuffs he was examining.

"'Tis the Lord Honain," replied the dealer.

"And who may he be?" continued the Egyptian. "Is he the Caliph's son?"

"Poh! a much greater man—his physician."

The white mule stopped at the very stall where this conversation was taking place. The pages halted, and stood on each side of their master—the footmen kept off the crowd.

"Merchant," said Honain, with a gracious smile of condescension, and with a

voice musical as a flute. "Merchant, did you obtain me my wish?"

"There is but one God," replied the dealer, who was the charitable Ali, "and Mahomed is his prophet. I succeeded, please your highness, in seeing at Aleppo the accursed Giaour, of whom I spoke, and behold that which you desired is here." So saying, Ali produced several Greek manuscripts, and offered them to his visitor.

"Hah!" said Honain, with a sparkling eye, "'tis well—their cost?"

"The infidel would not part with them under five hundred dirhems," replied Ali.

"Ibrahim, see that this worthy merchant receive a thousand."

"As many thanks, my Lord Honain."

The Caliph's physician bowed gracefully.

"Advance, pages," continued Honain; "why this stoppage? Ibrahim, see that our way be cleared. What is all this?"

A crowd of men advanced, pulling along a youth, who, almost exhausted, still singly struggled with his ungenerous adversaries.

"The Cadi, the Cadi," cried the foremost of them, who was Abdallah, "drag him to the Cadi."

"Noble lord," cried the youth, extricating himself by a sudden struggle from the grasp of his captors, and seizing the robe of Honain, "I am innocent and injured. I pray thy help."

"The Cadi, the Cadi," exclaimed Abdallah; "the knave has stolen my ring —the ring given me by my faithful

Fatima on our marriage day, and which I would not part with for my master's stores."

The youth still clung to the robe of Honain, and mute from exhaustion, fixed upon him his beautiful and imploring eye.

"Silence," proclaimed Honain; "I will judge this cause."

"The Lord Honain, the Lord Honain, listen to the Lord Honain."

"Speak, thou brawler; of what hast thou to complain?" said Honain to Abdallah.

"May it please your highness," said Abdallah, in a whining voice, "I am the slave of your faithful servant, Ali: often have I had the honour of waiting on your highness. This young knave here, a beggar, has robbed me, while slumbering in a coffee-house, of a ring; I have my witnesses to prove my slumbering. 'Tis

a fine emerald, may it please your highness, and doubly valuable to me as a love token from my Fatima. No consideration in the world could induce me to part with it; and so being asleep—here are three honest men who will prove the sleep—comes this little vagabond, may it please your highness, who, while he pretends to offer me my coffee, takes him my finger, and slips off this precious ring, which he now wears upon his own beggarly paw, and will not restore to me without the bastinado."

"Abdallah is a faithful slave, may it please your highness, and a Hadgee," said Ali, his master.

"And what sayest thou, boy?" inquired Honain.

"That this is a false knave, who lies as slaves ever will."

"Pithy, and perhaps true," said Honain.

"You call me a slave, you young scoundrel?" exclaimed Abdallah; "shall I tell you what you are? Why, your highness, do not listen to him a moment. It is a shame to bring such a creature into your presence; for by the holy stone, and I am a Hadgee, I doubt little he is a Jew."

Honain grew somewhat pale, and bit his lip. He was perhaps annoyed that he had interfered so publicly in behalf of so unpopular a character as a Hebrew, but he was unwilling to desert one whom a moment before he had resolved to befriend, and he inquired of the youth where he had obtained the ring.

"The ring was given to me by my dearest friend when I first set out upon

an arduous pilgrimage not yet completed. There is but one person in the world, except the donor, to whom I would part with it, and with that person I am unacquainted. All this may seem improbable, but all this is true. I have truth alone to support me. I am destitute and friendless; but I am not a beggar, nor will any suffering induce me to become one. Feeling from various circumstances utterly exhausted, I entered a coffee-house and laid down, it may have been to die. I could not sleep although my eyes were shut, and nothing would have roused me from a tremulous trance, which I thought was dying, but this plunderer here, who would not wait until death had permitted him quietly to possess himself of a jewel I value more than life."

"Show me the jewel."

The youth held up his hand to Honain, who felt his pulse, and then took off the ring.

"O my Fatima!" exclaimed Abdallah.

"Silence, sir!" said Honain. "Page, call a jeweller."

Honain examined the ring very attentively. Whether he were near-sighted, or whether the deceptive light of the covered bazaar prevented him from examining it with ease, he certainly raised his hand to his brow, and for some moments his countenance was invisible.

The jeweller arrived, and pressing his hand to his heart, bowed before Honain.

"Value this ring," said Honain in a low voice.

The jeweller took the ring, viewed it in all directions with a scrutinizing glance, held it to the light, pressed it to his

tongue, turned it over and over and finally declared that he could not sell such a ring under a thousand dirhems.

"Whatever be the justice of the case," said Honain to Abdallah, "art thou ready to part with this ring for a thousand dirhems?"

"Most certainly," said Abdallah.

"And thou, lad, if the decision be in thy favour, wilt thou take for the ring double the worth at which the jeweller prizes it?"

"My lord, I have spoken the truth. I cannot part with that ring for the palace of the Caliph."

"The truth for once is triumphant," said Honain. "Boy, the ring is thine; and for thee, thou knave," turning to Abdallah, "liar, thief, and slanderer!—for thee the bastinado[22] thou destined for

this innocent youth. Ibraham, see that he receives five hundred. Young pilgrim, thou art no longer destitute or friendless. Follow me to my palace."

III.

The arched chamber was of great size and beautiful proportion. The cieling, encrusted with green fretwork, and studded with silver stars, rested upon clustered columns of white and green marble. In the centre of a variegated pavement of the same material, a fountain rose and fell into a green porphyry basin, and by the side of the fountain, upon a couch of silver, reposed Honain.

He raised his eyes from the illuminated volume on which he had been long in-

tent, he clapped his hands, and a Nubian slave advanced, and folding his arms upon his breast, bowed in silence before his lord.

"How fares the Hebrew boy, Alnaschar?"

"Master, the fever has not returned. We gave him the potion; he slumbered for many hours, and has now wakened, weak but well."

"Let him rise and attend me."

The Nubian disappeared.

"There is nothing stranger than Sympathy," soliloquized the physician of the Caliph, with a meditative air; "all resolves itself into this principle, and I confess this learned doctor treats it deeply and well. An erudite spirit truly, and an eloquent pen; yet he refines too much. 'Tis too scholastic. Observation will teach us

more than dogma. Meditating upon my passionate youth, I gathered wisdom. I have seen so much that I have ceased to wonder. Howe'er we doubt, there is a mystery beyond our penetration. And yet 'tis near our grasp. I sometimes deem a step, a single step would launch us into light. Here comes my patient. The rose has left his cheek, and his deep brow is wan and melancholy. Yet 'tis a glorious visage—Meditation's throne; and Passion lingers in that languid eye. I know not why, a strong attraction draws me to this lone child.

"Gentle stranger, how fares it with thee?"

"Very well, my lord. I come to thank thee for all thy goodness. My only thanks are words, and those too weak ones; and yet the orphan's blessing is a treasure."

"You are an orphan then?"

"I have no parent but my father's God."

"And that God is—"

"The God of Israel."

"So I deemed. He is a Deity we all must honour, if he be the great Creator, whom we all allow."

"He is what he is, and we are what we are—a fallen people, but faithful still."

"Fidelity is strength."

"Thy words are truth, and strength must triumph."

"A prophecy!"

"Many a prophet is little honoured, till the future proves his inspiration."

"You are young and sanguine."

"So was my ancestor within the vale of Elah. But I speak unto a Moslemin, and this is foolishness."

"I have read something, and can take your drift. As for my faith, I believe in Truth, and wish all men to do the same. By the bye, might I inquire the name of him who is the inmate of my house?"

"They call me David."

"David, you have a ring, an emerald cut with curious characters, Hebrew, I believe."

"'Tis here."

"A fine stone, and this inscription means—"

"A simple legend—'*Parted, but one,*'—the kind memorial of a brother's love."

"Your brother?"

"I never had a brother."

"I have a silly fancy for this ring: you hesitate. Search my palace, and choose the treasure that you deem its match."

"Noble sir, the gem is little worth; but were it such might deck a Caliph's brow, 'twere a poor recompense for all thy goodness. This ring is a trust rather than a possession, and, strange to say, although I cannot offer it to thee who may command, as thou hast saved, the life of its unhappy wearer, some stranger may cross my path to-morrow, and almost claim it as his own."

"And that stranger is—"

"The brother of the donor."

"The brother of Jabaster?"

"Jabaster!"

"Even so. I am that parted brother."

"Great is the God of Israel! Take the ring. But what is this? the brother of Jabaster a turbaned chieftain!—a Moslemin! Say, oh! but say that thou hast not assumed their base belief,—say, oh! but

say, that thou hast not become a traitor to our covenant, and I will bless the fortunes of this hour."

"I am false to no God. Calm thyself, sweet youth. These are higher questions than thy faint strength can master now. Another time we'll talk of this, my boy. At present of my brother and thyself. He lives and prospers?"

"He lives in faith; the pious ever prosper."

"A glorious dreamer! Though our moods are different, I ever loved him. And thyself? Thou art not what thou seemest. Tell me all. Jabaster's friend can be no common mind. Thy form has heralded thy fame. Trust me."

"I am Alroy."

"What! the Prince of our Captivity?"

"Even so."

"The slayer of Alschiroch?"

"Ay!"

"My sympathy was prophetic. I loved thee from the first. And what dost thou here? A price is set upon thy head: thou knowest it?"

"For the first time; but I am neither astonished nor alarmed. I am upon the Lord's business."

"What wouldst thou?"

"Free his people."

"The pupil of Jabaster: I see it all. Another victim to his reveries. I'll save this boy. David, for thy name must not be sounded within this city, the Sun is dying. Let us to the terrace, and seek the solace of the twilight breeze."

IV.

"What is the hour, David?"

"Near on midnight. I marvel if thy brother may read in the stars our happy meeting."

"Men read that which they wish. He is a learned Cabalist."

"But what we wish comes from above."

"So they say. We make our fortunes, and we call them Fate."

"Yet the Voice sounded—the daughter of the Voice that summoned Samuel."

"You have told me strange things; I have heard stranger solved."

"My faith is a rock."

"On which you may split."

"Art thou a Sadducee?"

"I am a man, who knows men."

"You are learned, but different from Jabaster."

"We are the same, though different. Day and Night are both portions of Time."

"And thy portion is—"

"Truth."

"That is, light."

"Yes; so dazzling that it sometimes seems dark."

"Like thy meaning."

"You are young."

"Is youth a defect?"

"No, the reverse. But we cannot eat the fruit while the tree is in blossom."

"What fruit?"

"Knowledge."

"I have studied."

"What?"

"All sacred things."

"How know you that they are sacred?"

"They come from God."

"So does every thing. Is every thing sacred?"

"They are the deep expression of his will."

"According to Jabaster. Ask the man who prays in yonder mosque, and he will tell you that Jabaster's wrong."

"After all, thou art a Moslemin?"

"No."

"What then?"

"I have told you---a man."

"But what dost thou worship?"

"What is worship?"

"Adoration due from the creature to the Creator."

"Which is he?"

"Our God."

"The God of Israel?"

"Even so."

"A frail minority, then, burn him incense."

"We are the chosen people."

"Chosen for scoffs, and scorns, and contumelies. Commend me to such choice."

"We forgot him, before he chastened us."

"Why did we?"

"Thou knowest the records of our holy race."

"Yes, I know them: like all records, annals of blood."

"Annals of victory, that will dawn again."

"If redemption be but another name for carnage, I envy no Messiah."

"Art thou Jabaster's brother?"

"So our mother was wont to say: a meek and blessed woman."

"Lord Honain, thou art rich and wise and powerful. Thy fellow-men speak of thee only with praise or fear, and both are cheering. Thou hast quitted our antique ark; why---no matter. We'll not discuss it. 'Tis something, if a stranger, at least thou art not a renegade. The world goes well with thee, my Lord Honain. But if instead of bows and blessings, thou, like thy brethren, wert greeted only with the cuff and curse; if thou didst rise each morning only to feel existence was dishonour, and to find thyself marked out among surrounding men as something foul and fatal: if it were thy lot, like theirs, at best to drag on a mean and dull career, hopeless and aimless, or with no other hope or aim but that which is degrading, and all this too with a keen sense of thy intrinsic worth, and deep conviction of

superior race; why then perchance Honain might even discover 'twere worth a struggle to be free and honoured."

"I pray your pardon, sir; I thought you were Jabaster's pupil, a dreaming student. I see you have a deep ambition."

"I am a prince; and I fain would be a prince without my fetters."

"Listen to me, Alroy," said Honain in a low voice, and he placed his arm round his waist, "I am your friend. Our acquaintance is very brief: no matter, I love you, I rescued you in injury, I tended you in sickness, even now your life is in my power, I would protect it with my own. You cannot doubt me. Our affections are not under our own controul; and mine are yours. The sympathy between us is entire. You see

me, you see what I am: a Hebrew, though unknown, one of that despised, rejected, persecuted people, of whom you are the chief. I too would be free and honoured. Freedom and honour are mine, but I was my own Messiah. I quitted in good time our desperate cause, but I gave it a trial. Ask Jabaster how I fought. Youth could be my only excuse for such indiscretion. I left this country, I studied, and resided among the Greeks. I returned from Constantinople with all their learning, some of their craft. No one knew me. I assumed their turban, and I am—the Lord Honain. Take my experience, child, and save yourself much sorrow. Turn your late adventure to good account. No one can recognize you here. I will introduce you among the highest as my child, by

some fair Greek. The world is before you. You may fight, you may love, you may revel. War, and women, and luxury, are all at your command. With your person and talents you may be Grand Vizier. Clear your head of nonsense. In the present disordered state of the empire, you may even carve yourself out a kingdom, infinitely more delightful than the barren land of milk and honey. I have seen it, child; a rocky wilderness, where I would not let my courser graze."

He bent down, and fixed his eyes upon his companion with a scrutinizing glance. The moonlight fell upon the resolved visage of the Prince of the Captivity.

"Honain," he replied, pressing his hand, "I thank thee. Thou knowest not me, but still I thank thee."

"You are resolved then on destruction."

"On glory, eternal glory."

"Is it possible to succeed?"

"Is it possible to fail?"

"You are mad?"

"I am a believer."

"Enough. Not another word. You have yet one chance. My brother has saddled your enterprize with a condition, and an impossible one. Gain the sceptre of Solomon, and I will agree to be your subject. You will waste a year in this frolic. You are young, and can afford it. I trust you will experience nothing worse than a loss of time, which is, however, very valuable. My duty will be, after all your sufferings, to send you forth on your adventures in good condition, and to provide you means for a less toilsome pilgrim-

age than has hitherto been your lot. Trust me you will return to Bagdad to accept my offers. At present, the dews are descending, and we will return to our divan, and take some coffee."

V.

Some few days after this conversation on the terrace, as Alroy was reclining in a bower, in the beautiful garden of his host, meditating on the future, some one touched him on the back. He looked up. It was Honain.

"Follow me," said the brother of Jabaster.

The prince rose, and followed him in silence. They entered the house, and, passing through the saloon already de-

scribed, they proceeded down a long gallery, which terminated in an arched flight of broad steps, leading to the river. A boat was fastened to the end of the stairs, floating on the blue line of the Tigris bright in the sun.

Honain now gave to Alroy a velvet bag, which he requested him to carry, and then they descended the steps and entered the covered boat; and, without any directions to the rower, they were soon skimming over the water. By the sound of passing vessels and the occasional shouts of the boatmen, Alroy, although he could observe nothing, was conscious that for some time their course lay through a principal thoroughfare of the city; but by degrees the sounds became less frequent, and in time entirely died away, and all that caught his ear

was the regular and monotonous stroke of their own oar.

At length, after the lapse of nearly an hour from their entrance, the boat stopped, and was moored against a quay. The curtains were withdrawn, and Honain and his companion disembarked.

A low but very extensive building, painted in white and gold arabesque, and irregular but picturesque in form, with many small domes, and tall thin towers, rose amid groves of cypress on the bank of the broad and silent river. The rapid stream had carried them far from the city, which was visible, but distant. Around was no habitation, no human being. The opposite bank was occupied by enclosed gardens. Not even a boat passed.

Honain, beckoning to Alroy to accompany him, but still silent, advanced to a

small portal, and knocked. It was instantly opened by a single Nubian, who bowed reverently as the visitors passed him. They proceeded along a low and gloomy passage, covered with arches of fretwork, until they arrived at a door of tortoiseshell and mother of pearl.[23] Here Honain, who was in advance, turned round to Alroy, and said, "Whatever happen, and whoever may address you, as you value your life and mine, do not speak."

The door opened, and they found themselves in a vast and gorgeous hall. Pillars of many coloured marbles rose from a red and blue pavement of the same material, and supported a vaulted, circular, and highly-embossed roof of purple, scarlet and gold.[24] Around a fountain, which rose fifty feet in height from an immense

basin of lapiz-lazuli, and reclining on small yellow Barbary mats, was a group of Nubian eunuchs dressed in rich habits of scarlet and gold,[25] and armed with ivory battle-axes, the white handles worked in precious arabesque finely contrasting with the blue and brilliant blades.

The commander of the eunuch-guard rose on seeing Honain, and pressing his hand to his head, mouth, and heart, saluted him. The physician of the Caliph motioning Alroy to remain, advanced some paces in front of him, and entered into a whispering conversation with the eunuch. After a few minutes, this officer resumed his seat, and Honain, beckoning to Alroy to rejoin him, crossed the hall.

Passing through an open arch, they entered a quadrangular court of roses,[26]

each bed of flowers surrounded by a stream of sparkling water, and floating like an enchanted islet upon a fairy ocean. The sound of the water and the sweetness of the flowers blended together, and produced a lulling sensation which nothing but his strong and strange curiosity might have enabled Alroy to resist. Proceeding along a cloister of light airy workmanship which connected the hall with the remainder of the buildings, they stood before a lofty and sumptuous portal.

It was a monolite gate, thirty feet in height, formed of one block of green and red jasper, and cut into the fanciful undulating arch of the Saracens. The consummate artist had seized the advantage afforded to him by the ruddy veins of the precious stone, and had formed them

in bold relief into two vast and sinuous serpents, which shot forth their crested heads and glittering eyes at Honain and his companion.

The physician of the Caliph taking his dagger from his girdle, struck one of the heads of the serpents thrice. The massy portal opened with a whirl and a roar, and before them stood an Abyssinian giant,[27] holding in his leash a roaring lion.

"Hush! Haroun," said Honain to the animal, raising at the same time his arm, and the beast crouched in silence. "Worthy Morgargon, I bring you a remembrance." The Abyssinian showed his tusks, larger and whiter than the lion's, as he grinningly received the tribute of the courtly Honain; and he uttered a few uncouth sounds, but he could not speak, for he was a mute.

The jasper portal introduced the companions to a long and lofty and arched chamber, lighted by high windows of stained glass, hung with tapestry of silk and silver, covered with prodigious carpets, and surrounded by immense couches. And thus through similar chambers they proceeded, in some of which were signs of recent habitation, until they arrived at another quadrangle nearly filled by a most singular fountain which rose from a basin of gold encrusted with pearls, and which was surrounded by figures of every rare quadruped[28] in the most costly materials. Here a golden tiger with flaming eyes of ruby, and flowing stripes of opal, stole, after some bloody banquet, to the refreshing brink; a cameleopard raised its slender neck of silver from the centre of a group of every inhabitant of the

forest, and brilliant bands of monkeys glittering with precious stones, rested, in every variety of fantastic posture, on the margin of the basin.

The fountain itself was a tree of gold and silver[29] spreading into innumerable branches, covered with every variety of curious birds, their plumage appropriately imitated by the corresponding tints of precious stones, and which warbled in beautiful melody as they poured forth from their bills the musical and refreshing element.

It was with difficulty that Alroy could refrain from an admiring exclamation, but Honain, ever quick, turned to him, with his finger pressed on his mouth, and quitting the quadrangle, they entered the gardens.

Lofty terraces, dark masses of cypress,

winding walks of acacia, in the distance an interminable paradise, and here and there a glittering pavilion and bright kiosk! Its appearance on the river had not prepared Alroy for the extent of the palace itself. It seemed infinite, and it was evident that he had only viewed a very small portion of it. While they were moving on, there suddenly arose the sound of trumpets. The sound grew nearer and nearer, louder and louder: soon was heard the tramp of an approaching troop. Honain drew Alroy aside. A procession appeared advancing from a dark grove of cypress. Four hundred men led as many white blood-hounds with collars of gold and rubies.[30] Then came one hundred men, each with a hooded hawk. Then six horsemen in rich dresses. After them a single horse-

man, mounted on a steed, marked on its forehead with a star.[31] The rider was middle aged, handsome, and dignified. He was plainly dressed, but the staff of his hunting spear was entirely of diamonds and the blade of gold. He was followed by a company of Nubian eunuchs, with their scarlet dresses and ivory battle-axes, and the procession closed.

"The Caliph," whispered Honain, when they had passed, placing at the same time his finger on his lip, to prevent any inquiry. This was the first intimation that had reached Alroy of what he had already suspected, that he was a visitor to the palace of the Commander of the Faithful.

The companions turned down a wild and winding walk, which, after some time, brought them to a small and gently

sloping lawn, surrounded by cedar trees of great size. Upon the lawn was a kiosk, a long and many windowed building, covered with blinds, and further screened by an overhanging roof. The kiosk was built of white and green marble, and ascended by a flight of steps the length of the building, alternately of white and green marble, and nearly covered with rose trees. Honain ascended these steps alone, and entered the kiosk. After a few minutes, he looked out from the blinds and beckoned to Alroy. David advanced, but Honain, fearful of some indiscretion, met him, and said to him in a low whisper between his teeth, "Remember you are deaf, a mute, and an eunuch." Alroy could scarcely refrain from smiling, and the Prince of the Captivity and the physician of the

Caliph entered the kiosk together. Two women, veiled, and two eunuchs of the guard received them in an ante-chamber. And then they passed into a room which ran nearly the whole length of the kiosk, opening on one side to the gardens, and on the other supported by an ivory wall with niches painted in green fresco, and in each niche a rose-tree. Each niche, also, was covered with an almost invisible golden grate, which confined a nightingale, and made him constant to the rose he loved. At the foot of each niche was a fountain, but instead of water, each basin was replenished with the purest quicksilver.[32] The roof of the kiosk was of mother-of-pearl, inlaid with tortoise-shell; the pavement, a mosaic of rare marbles and precious stones, representing the most delicious fruits, and the

most beautiful flowers. Over this pavement a Georgian page flung at intervals refreshing perfumes. At the end of this elegant chamber was a divan of light green silk, embroidered with pearls, and covered with cushions of white satin and gold. Upon one of these cushions, in the middle of the divan, sat a lady, her eyes fixed in abstraction upon a volume of Persian poesy reclining on her knees, one hand playing with a rosary of pearls and emeralds,[33] and the other holding a long gold chain, which imprisoned a white gazelle.

The lady looked up as Honain and his companion entered. She was very young, as youthful as Alroy. Her long light brown hair, drawn off a high white forehead covered with blue veins, fell braided with pearls over each shoulder. Her

eyes were very large, and deeply blue. Her nose small, but high and aquiline. The fairness of her face was dazzling, and when she looked up and greeted Honain, her lustrous cheeks broke into dimples, which were more fascinating from their contrast with the general expression of her countenance, which was haughty and derisive. The lady was dressed in a robe of crimson silk, girded round her waist by a green shawl, from which peeped forth the diamond hilt of a very small poignard.[34] Her round white arms looked infinitely small, as they occasionally flashed forth from their large loose hanging sleeves. One was covered with jewels, and the right arm was quite bare.

Honain advanced, and bending, kissed the lady's proffered hand. Alroy fell into the back-ground.

"They told me that the Rose of the World drooped this morning," said the physician, bending again as he smiled, "and her slave hastened at her command to tend her."

"It was a south wind. The wind has changed, and the Rose of the World is better," replied the lady, laughing.

Honain touched her pulse.

"Irregular," said the physician.

"Like myself," said the lady. "Is that a new slave?"

"A recent purchase, and a great bargain. He is good looking, has the advantage of being deaf and dumb, and is harmless in every respect."

"'Tis a pity," replied the lady; "it seems that all good-looking people are born to be useless. I, for instance."

"Yet rumour whispers the reverse," remarked the physician.

"How so?" inquired the lady.

"The young King of Karasmé."

"Poh! I have made up my mind to detest him. A barbarian!"

"A hero!"

"Did you ever see him?"

"I have."

"Handsome?"

"An archangel."

"And sumptuous?"

"Is he not a conqueror? All the plunder of the world will be yours."

"I am tired of magnificence. I built this kiosk to forget it."

"It is not in the least degree splendid," said Honain, looking round with a smile.

"No," answered the lady, with a self-satisfied air; "here, at least, one can forget one has the misfortune to be a princess."

"It is certainly a great misfortune," said the physician.

"And yet it must be the only tolerable lot," replied the lady.

"Assuredly," replied Honain.

"For our unhappy sex at least."

"Very unhappy."

"If I were only a man!"

"What a hero you would be!"

"I should like to live in endless confusion."

"I have not the least doubt of it."

"Have you got me the books?" eagerly inquired the Princess.

"My slave bears them," replied Honain.

"Let me see them directly."

Honain took the bag from Alroy, and unfolded its contents—the very volumes of Greek romances which Ali, the merchant, had obtained for him.

"I am tired of poetry," said the Princess, glancing over the costly volumes, and tossing them away. "I long to see the world."

"You would soon be tired of that," replied the Physician.

"I suppose common people are never tired," said the Princess.

"Except with labour," said the Physician; "care keeps them alive."

"What is Care?" asked the Princess, with a smile.

"It is a god," replied the Physician, "invisible, but omnipotent. It steals the bloom from the cheek and lightness from the pulse---it takes away the appetite, and turns the hair grey."

"It is no true divinity, then," replied the Princess, "but an idol we make ourselves. I am a sincere Moslemin, and

will not worship it. Tell me some news, Honain."

"The young King of Karasmé—"

"Again! the barbarian! You are in his pay. I'll none of him. To leave one prison, and to be shut up in another—why do you remind me of it? No, my dear Hakim, if I marry at all, I will marry to be free."

"An impossibility," said Honain.

"My mother was free till she was a queen and a slave. I intend to end as she began. You know what she was."

Honain knew well, but he was too politic not to affect ignorance.

"The daughter of a bandit," continued the Princess, "who fought by the side of her father. That is existence! I must be a robber. 'Tis in the blood. I want my

fate foretold, Honain. You are an astrologer; do it."

"I have already cast your nativity. Your star is a comet."

"That augurs well; brilliant confusion and erratic splendor. I wish I were a star," added the Princess in a deep rich voice, and with a pensive air; "a star in the clear blue sky, beautiful and free. Honain, Honain, the gazelle has broken her chain, and is eating my roses."

Alroy rushed forward and seized the graceful truant. Honain shot him an anxious look; the Princess received the chain from the hand of Alroy, and cast at him a scrutinizing glance.

"What splendid eyes the poor beast has got!" exclaimed the Princess.

"The gazelle?" inquired the physician.

"No, your slave," replied the Princess. "Why he blushes! Were he not deaf as well as dumb, I could almost believe he understood me."

"He is very modest," replied Honain, rather alarmed; "and is frightened at the liberty he has taken."

"I like modesty," said the Princess; "it is so interesting. I am modest; don't you think so?"

"Certainly," said Honain.

"And interesting?"

"Very."

"I detest an interesting person. After all, there is nothing like plain dulness."

"Nothing," said Honain.

"The day flows on so serenely in such society."

"It does," said Honain.

"No confusion; no scenes."

"None."

"I make it a rule only to have ugly slaves."

"You are quite right."

"Honain, will you ever contradict me? You know very well I have the handsomest slaves in the world."

"Every one knows it."

"And do you know, I have taken a very great fancy to your new purchase, who, according to your account, is eminently qualified for the post. Why, you don't agree with me!"

"Why, yes; I doubt not your Highness would find him eminently qualified, and certainly few things would give me greater pleasure than offering him for your acceptance; but I got into such disgrace by that late affair of the Circassian, that—"

"Oh! leave it to me, leave it to me," said the Princess.

"Certainly," said the Physician, turning the conversation; "and when the young King of Karasmé arrives at Bagdad, you can offer him to his majesty as a present."

"Delightful! and the King is really handsome and young as well as brave; but has he any taste?"

"You have enough for both."

"If he would but make war against the Greeks!"

"Why so violent against the poor Greeks?"

"You know they are Giaours. Besides, they might beat him, and then I should have the pleasure of being taken prisoner."

"Delightful!"

"Charming! to see Constantinople, and marry the Emperor."

"Marry the Emperor!"

"To be sure. Of course he would fall in love with me."

"Of course."

"And then—and then, I might conquer Paris."

"Paris!"

"You have been at Paris?" [35]

"Yes."

"The men are shut up there," said the Princess, with a smile, "are they not? and the women do what they like?"

"You will always do what you like," said Honain, rising.

"You are going?"

"My visits must not be too long."

"Farewell, dear Honain!" said the Princess with a melancholy air. "You

are the only person who has an idea in all Bagdad, and you leave me. A miserable lot is mine, to feel every thing, and be nothing. These books and flowers, these sweet birds, and this fair gazelle—ah! poets may feign as they please, but how cheerfullly would I resign all these elegant consolations of a captive life for one hour of freedom. I wrote some verses on myself, yesterday; take them, and get them blazoned for me by the finest scribe in the city; letters of silver on a violet ground with a fine flowing border; I leave the design to you. Adieu! Come hither, mute." Alroy advanced to her beckon, and knelt. "There, take that rosary for thy master's sake, and those dark eyes of thine."

The companions withdrew and reached their boat in silence. It was Sunset.

The musical and sonorous voice of the Muezzin resounded from the innumerable minarets of the splendid city. Honain drew back the curtains of the barque. Bagdad rose before them in huge masses of sumptuous dwellings, seated amid groves and gardens. An infinite population, summoned by the invigorating twilight, poured forth in all directions. The glowing river was covered with sparkling caiques, the glittering terraces with showy groups. Splendour, and power, and luxury, and beauty, were arrayed before them in their most captivating forms, and the heart of Alroy responded to their magnificence.

"A glorious vision!" said the Prince of the Captivity.

"Very different to Hamadan," said the physician of the Caliph.

"To-day I have seen wonders," said Alroy.

"The world is opening to you," said Honain.

Alroy did not reply; but, after some minutes, he said, in a hesitating voice, "Who was that lady?"

"The Princess Schirene," replied Honain, "the favourite daughter of the Caliph. Her mother was a Georgian and a Giaour."

II.

The moonlight fell upon the figure of Alroy lying on a couch; his countenance was hidden in his arm. He was motionless, but did not sleep.

He rose and paced the chamber with

agitated steps; sometimes he stopped, and gazed on the pavement, fixed in abstraction. He advanced to the window, and cooled his feverish brow in the midnight air.

An hour passed away, and the young Prince of the Captivity remained fixed in the same position. Suddenly he turned, dashed to a tripod of porphyry, and seizing a rosary of jewels, pressed it to his lips.

"The Spirit of my dreams, she comes at last, the form for which I have sighed and wept, the form which rose upon my radiant vision when I shut my eyes against the jarring shadows of this gloomy world.

"Schirene! Schirene! here in this solitude I pour to thee the passion long stored up—the passion of my life, no

common life, a life full of deep feeling and creative thought. Oh! beautiful, oh, more than beautiful, for thou to me art as a dream unbroken—why art thou not mine, why lose a moment in our glorious lives, and baulk our destiny of half its bliss?

"Fool, fool, hast thou forgotten? The rapture of a prisoner in his cell, whose wild fancy for a moment belies his fetters! The daughter of the Caliph and a—Jew!

"Give me my father's sceptre!

"A plague on talismans! Oh! I need no inspiration but her memory, no magic but her name. By heavens, I'll enter this glorious city a conqueror, or I'll die.

"Why what is Life, for meditation mingles ever with my passion—why,

what is Life! Throw accidents to the dogs, and tear off the painted mask of false society! Here am I a hero; with a mind that can devise all things, and a heart of superhuman daring, with youth, with vigour, with a glorious lineage, with a form that has made full many a lovely maiden of our tribe droop her fair head by Hamadan's sweet fount, and I am—nothing.

"Out on Society; 'twas not made for me. I'll form my own, and be the deity I sometimes feel.

"We make our fortunes and we call them Fate. Thou saidst well, Honain. Most subtle Sadducee! The saintly blood flowed in my fathers' veins, and they did nothing; but I have an arm formed to wield a sceptre, and I will win one.

"I cannot doubt my triumph. Triumph is a part of my existence. I am born for glory, as a tree is born to bear its fruit, or to expand its flowers. The deed is done. 'Tis thought of, and 'tis done. I'll confront the greatest of my diademed ancestors, and in his tomb. Mighty Solomon! he wedded Pharaoh's daughter. Hah! what a future dawns upon my hope. An omen, a choice omen!

"Heaven and Earth are mingling to form my fortunes. My mournful youth I have so often cursed, I hail thee—thou wert a glorious preparation; and when, feeling no sympathy with the life around me, I deemed myself a fool, I find I was a most peculiar being. By heavens, I am joyful; for the first time in my life I am joyful. I could laugh, and fight,

and drink. I am new-born; I am another being; I am mad!

"O! Time, great Time, the world belies thy fame. It calls thee swift. Me thinks thou art wondrous slow. Fly on, great Time, and on thy coming wings bear me my sceptre!

"All is to be. It is a lowering thought. My fancy, like a bright and wearied bird, will sometimes flag and fall, and then I am lost. The young King of Karasmé, a youthful hero! Would he had been Alschiroch! My heart is sick even at the very name. Alas! my trials have not yet begun. Jabaster warned me: good, sincere, Jabaster! His talisman presses on my frantic heart, and seems to warn me. I am in danger. Braggart to stand here, filling the careless air with idle words, while all is unaccomplished.

I grow dull. The young King of Karasmé! Why, what am I compared to this same Prince? Nothing, but in my thoughts. In the full bazaar, they would not deem me worthy even to hold his stirrup or his slipper——Oh! this contest, this constant, bitter, never-ending contest between my fortune and my fancy! Why do I exist? or, if existing, why am I not recognized as I would be?

"Sweet Voice, that in Jabaster's distant cave descended from thy holy home above, and whispered consolation, breathe again! Again breathe thy still summons to my lonely ear, and chase away the thoughts that hover round me. Thoughts dark and doubtful, like fell birds of prey hovering around an expected hero's fall, and gloating on their triumph o'er the brave. There is something

fatal in these crowded cities. Faith flourishes in solitude."

He threw himself upon the couch, and, leaning down his head, seemed lost in meditation. He started up, and, seizing his tablets, wrote upon them these words:—

"Honain, I have been the whole night like David in the wilderness of Ziph; but, by the aid of the Lord, I have conquered. I fly from this dangerous city upon his business, which I have too much neglected. Attempt not to discover me, and accept my gratitude."

PART VI.

I.

A SCORCHING Sun, a blue and burning sky, on every side lofty ranges of black and barren mountains, dark ravines, deep caverns, unfathomable gorges!

A solitary being moved in the distance. Faint and toiling, a pilgrim slowly clambered up the steep and stony track.

The sultry hours moved on, the pilgrim at length gained the summit of the mountain, a small and rugged table land strewn with huge masses of loose and heated rock. All around was desolation:

no spring, no herbage; the bird and the insect were alike mute. Yet still it was the summit: no loftier peaks frowned in the distance; the pilgrim stopped, and breathed with more facility, and a faint smile played over his worn and solemn countenance.

He rested a few minutes, he took from his wallet some locusts and wild honey, and a small skin of water. His meal was short as well as simple. An ardent desire to reach his place of destination before night-fall, urged him to proceed. He soon passed over the table-land, and commenced the descent of the mountain. A straggling olive tree occasionally appeared, and then a group, and soon the groups swell into a grove. His way wound through the grateful and unaccustomed shade. He emerged from the

grove, and found that he had proceeded down more than half the side of the mountain. It ended precipitously in a very dark and narrow ravine, formed on the other side by an opposite mountain, the lofty steep of which was crested by a city gently rising on a very gradual slope.

Nothing could be conceived more barren, wild, and terrible, than the surrounding scenery, unillumined by a single trace of culture. The city stood like the last gladiator in an amphitheatre of desolation.

It was surrounded by a lofty turretted wall, of an architecture to which the pilgrim was unaccustomed: gates with drawbridge and portcullis, square towers, and loop-holes for the archer. Sentinels, clothed in steel, and shining in the sun-

set, paced, at regular intervals, the cautious wall, and on a lofty tower a standard waved, a snowy standard, with a red, red cross !

The Prince of the Captivity at length beheld the lost capital of his fathers.[36]

II.

A few months back and such a spectacle would have called forth all the latent passion of Alroy ; but time and suffering, and sharp experience, had already somewhat curbed the fiery spirit of the Hebrew Prince. He gazed upon Jerusalem, he beheld the City of David garrisoned by the puissant warriors of Christendom, and threatened by the innumerable armies of the Crescent. The two great

divisions of the world seemed contending for a prize, which he, a lonely wanderer, had crossed the desart to rescue. If his faith restrained him from doubting the possibility of his enterprize, he was at least deeply conscious that the world was a very different existence to what he had fancied amid the gardens of Hamadan and the rocks of Caucasus, and that if his purpose could be accomplished, it could only be effected by one means. Calm, perhaps somewhat depressed, but full of pious humiliation, and not deserted by holy hope, he descended into the Valley of Jehosaphat, and so slaking his thirst at Siloah, and mounting the opposite height, David Alroy entered Jerusalem by the gate of Sion.[37]

He had been instructed that the quarter of his people was portioned near this

entrance. He inquired the direction of the sentinel, who did not condescend to answer him. An old man in very shabby robes, who was passing, beckoned to him.

"What want you, friend?" inquired Alroy.

"You were asking for the quarter of our people. You must be a stranger indeed, in Jerusalem, to suppose that a Frank would speak to a Jew. You were lucky to get neither kicked nor cursed."

"Kicked and cursed! Why these dogs-——"

"Hush! hush! for the love of God," said his new companion, very much alarmed. "Have you lent money to their captain that you speak thus? In Jerusalem our people speak only in a whisper."

"No matter: the cure is not by words. Where is our quarter?"

"Was the like ever seen! Why he speaks as if he were a Frank. I save him from having his head broken by a gauntlet, and——"

"My friend, I am tired. Our quarter?"

"Whom may you want?"

"The chief Rabbi."

"You bear letters to him?"

"What is that to you?"

"Hush! hush! You don't know what Jerusalem is, young man. You must not think of going on in this way. Where do you come from?"

"Bagdad."

"Bagdad! Jerusalem is not Bagdad. A Turk is a brute, but a Christian is a demon."

"But our quarter, our quarter?"

"Hush! hush! You want the chief Rabbi?"

"Ay! ay!"

"Rabbi Zimri?"

"It may be so. I neither know nor care."

"Neither knows nor cares! This will never do: you must not go on in this way at Jerusalem. You must not think of it."

"Fellow, I see thou art a miserable prattler. Show me our quarter, and I will pay thee well---or be off."

"Be off! Art thou a Hebrew? to say 'be off' to any one. You come from Bagdad! I'll tell you what---go back to Bagdad. You will never do for Jerusalem."

"Your grizzled beard protects you.

Old fool, I am a pilgrim just arrived, wearied beyond expression, and you keep me here listening to your flat talk !"

" Flat talk ! Why ! what would you ?"

" Lead me to the Rabbi Zimri---if that be his name."

" If that be his name ! Why every one knows Rabbi Zimri, the chief Rabbi of Jerusalem, the successor of Aaron. We have our temple yet, say what they like. A very learned Doctor is Rabbi Zimri."

" Wretched driveller. I am ashamed to lose my patience with such a dotard."

" Driveller ! dotard ! Why, who are you ?"

" One you cannot comprehend. Without another word, lead me to your chief."

"Chief! you have not far to go. I know no one of the nation who holds his head higher than I do here, and they call me Zimri."

"What, the chief Rabbi---that very learned Doctor!"

"No less; I thought you had heard of him."

"Let us forget the past, good Zimri. When great men play the incognito, they must sometimes hear rough phrases. It is the Caliph's lot as well as yours. I am glad to make the acquaintance of so great a Doctor. Though young, and roughly habited, I have seen the world a little, and may offer next Sabbath in the Synagogue more dirrhems than you would perhaps suppose. Good and learned Zimri, I would be your guest."

"A very worshipful young man!

And he speaks low and soft now! But it was lucky I was at hand. Good —— what's your name?"

"David."

"A very honest name---good David. It was lucky I was at hand when you spoke to the sentinel, though. A Jew speak to a Frank, and a sentinel too! Hah! hah! hah! that is very good. How Rabbi Maimon will laugh! Faith it was very lucky, now, was not it?"

"Indeed, most fortunate."

"Well, that is candid! Here! this way. 'Tis not far. We number few, Sir, of our brethren here, but a better time will come—a better time will come."

"I think so. This is your door?"

"A humble one. Jerusalem is not Bagdad, but you are welcome."

III.

"King Pirgandicus[38] entered them," said Rabbi Maimon, "but no one since."

"And when did he live?" inquired Alroy.

"His reign is recorded in the Talmud," answered Rabbi Zimri, "but in the Talmud there are no dates."

"A long while ago?" said Alroy.

"Since the Captivity," answered Rabbi Maimon.

"I doubt that," said Rabbi Zimri, "or why should he be called king?"

"Was he of the house of David?" said Alroy.

"Without doubt," said Rabbi Maimon; "he was one of our greatest kings, and conquered Julius Cæsar."[39]

"His kingdom was in the northernmost parts of Africa," said Rabbi Zimri, "and exists to this day, if we could but find it."

"Ay, truly," added Rabbi Maimon, "the sceptre has never departed out of Judah; and he rode always upon a white elephant."

"Covered with cloth of gold," added Rabbi Zimri.

"And he visited the Tombs of the Kings?"[40] inquired Alroy.

"Without doubt," said Rabbi Maimon. "The whole account is in the Talmud."

"And no one can now find them?"

"No one," replied Rabbi Zimri; "but according to that learned Doctor, Moses Hallevy, they are in a valley in the Mountains of Lebanon, which was sealed up by the Archangel Michael."

"The illustrious Doctor Abarbanel, of

Babylon," said Rabbi Maimon, "gives one hundred and twenty reasons in his commentary on the Gemara to prove that they sunk under the earth at the taking of the Temple."

"No one reasons like Abarbanel of Babylon," said Rabbi Zimri.

"The great Rabbi Akiba, of Pundebita, has answered them all," said Rabbi Maimon, "and holds that they were taken up to Heaven."

"And which is right?" inquired Rabbi Zimri.

"Neither," said Rabbi Maimon.

"One hundred and twenty reasons are strong proof," said Rabbi Zimri.

"The most learned and illustrious Doctor Aaron Mendola, of Granada," said Rabbi Maimon, "has shown that we must look for the tombs of the kings in the south of Spain."

"All that Mendola writes is worth attention," said Rabbi Zimri.

"Rabbi Hillel,[41] of Samaria, is worth two Mendolas any day," said Rabbi Maimon.

"'Tis a most learned Doctor," said Rabbi Zimri; "and what thinks he?"

"Hillel proves that there are two Tombs of the Kings," said Rabbi Maimon, "and that neither of them are the right ones."

"What a learned Doctor!" exclaimed Rabbi Zimri.

"And very satisfactory," remarked Alroy.

"These are high subjects," continued Maimon, his blear eyes twinkling with complacency. "Your guest, Rabbi Zimri, must read the treatise of the learned Shimei, of Damascus, on 'Effecting impossibilities.'"

"That is a work!" exclaimed Zimri.

"I never slept for three nights after reading that work," zaid Rabbi Maimon. "It contains twelve thousand five hundred and thirty-seven quotations from the Pentateuch, and not a single original observation."

"There were giants in those days," said Zimri; "we are children now."

"The first chapter makes equal sense, read backward or forward," continued Rabbi Maimon.

"Ichabod!" exclaimed Rabbi Zimri.

"And the initial letter of every section is a cabalistical type of a king of Judah!"

"The temple will yet be built," said Rabbi Zimri.

"Ay, ay! that is learning!" exclaimed Rabbi Maimon; "but what is the great Treatise on Effecting Impossibilities to that profound, admirable, and—"

"Holy Rabbi!" said a youthful reader of the synagogue, who now entered, "the hour is at hand."

"You don't say so! Learned Maimon, I must to the synagogue. I could sit here all day listening to you. Come, David, the people await us."

Zimri and Alroy quitted the house, and proceeded along the narrow hilly streets to the chief temple of the Hebrews

"It grieves the venerable Maimon much that he cannot join us," said Rabbi Zimri. "You have doubtless heard of him at Bagdad; a most learned doctor."

Alroy bowed in silence.

"He bears his years well. You would hardly believe that he was my master."

"I perceive that you inherit much of his erudition."

"You are kind. If he have breathed

one year, Rabbi Maimon will be a hundred and ten next Passover."

"I doubt it not."

"When he is gathered to his fathers, a great light will be extinguished in Israel. You wanted to know something about the Tombs of the Kings; I told you he was your man. How full he was! His mind, sir, is an egg."

"A somewhat ancient one. I fear his guidance will hardly bring me the enviable fortune of King Pirgandicus."

"Between ourselves, good David, talking of King Pirgandicus, I cannot help fancying that the learned Maimon made a slight mistake. I hold Pirgandicus was only a prince. It was after the Captivity, and I know no authority for any of our rulers since the destruction, assuming a higher title. Clearly a prince,

eh? But, though I would whisper it to no one but you, I think our worthy friend grows a little old. We should remember his years, sir. A hundred and ten next passover. 'Tis a great burthen."

"Ay! with his learning added, a very fearful burthen, indeed!"

"You have been a week in Jerusalem, and have not yet visited our synagogue. It is not of cedar and ivory, but it is still a temple. This way. Is it only a week that you have been here? Why, you look another man! I shall never forget our first meeting: you did not know me. That was good, eh? And when I told you I was the chief Rabbi Zimri, how you changed! You have quite regained your appetite. Ah! 'tis pleasant to mix once more with our own people. To the left. So! we must descend a little. We hold

our meetings in an ancient cemetery. You have a finer temple, I warrant me, in Bagdad. Jerusalem is not Bagdad. But this has its conveniences. 'Tis safe, and we are not very rich, nor wish to seem so."

IV.

A long passage brought them to a number of small, square, low chambers, leading into each other.[42] They were lighted by brass lamps, placed at intervals in vacant niches, that once held corpses, and which were now soiled by the smoky flame. Between two and three hundred individuals were assembled in these chambers, at first scarcely distinguishable by those who descended from the broad day-

light: but by degrees the eyesight became accustomed to the dim and vaporous atmosphere, and Alroy recognized in the final and more illumined chamber a high cedar cabinet, the type of the ark, and which held the sacred vessels, and the sanctified copy of the law.

Standing in lines, with their heads mystically covered,[43] the forlorn remnant of Israel, captives in their ancient city, avowed, in spite of all their sufferings, their fidelity to their God, and notwithstanding all the bitterness of hope delayed, their faith in the fulfilment of his promises. Their simple service was completed, their prayers were read, their responses made, their law exhibited, and their charitable offerings announced by their High Priest. After the service, the venerable Zimri, opening a volume of the

Talmud, and fortified by the opinions of all these illustrious and learned doctors, the heroes of his erudite conversations with the aged Maimon, expounded the law to the congregation of the people.[44]

"It is written," said the Rabbi, "'thou shalt have none other God but me.' Now know ye what our father Abraham said when Nimrod ordered him to worship fire? 'Why not water,' answered Abraham, 'which can put out fire? why not the clouds, which can pour forth water? why not the winds, which can produce clouds? why not God, which can create winds?'"

A murmur of approbation sounded throughout the congregation.

"Eliezer," said Zimri, addressing himself to a young Rabbi, "it is written, that he took a rib from Adam when he was asleep. Is God then a robber?"

The young Rabbi looked puzzled, and cast his eyes on the ground. The congregation was very perplexed and a little alarmed.

"Is there no answer?" said Zimri.

"Rabbi," said a stranger, a tall, swarthy African pilgrim, standing in a corner, and enveloped in a red mantle, over which a lamp threw a flickering light. "Rabbi, some robbers broke into my house last night, and stole an earthen pipkin, but they left a golden vase in its stead."

"It is well said, it is well said," exclaimed the congregation. The applause was loud.

"Learned Zimri," continued the African, "it is written in the Gemara, that there was a youth in Jerusalem who fell in love with a beautiful damsel, and she

scorned him. And the youth was so stricken with his passion that he could not speak; but when he beheld her, he looked at her imploringly, and she laughed. And one day the youth, not knowing what to do with himself, went out into the desart; and towards night he returned home, but the gates of the city were shut. And he went down into the valley of Jehosaphat, and entered the tomb of Absalom and slept;[45] and he dreamed a dream: and next morning he came into the city smiling. And the maiden met him, and she said, 'Is that thou; art thou a laugher?' And he answered, 'Behold, yesterday being disconsolate, I went out of the city into the desart, and I returned home, and the gates of the city were shut, and I went down into the valley of Jehosaphat, and

I entered the tomb of Absalom, and I slept, and I dreamed a dream, and ever since then I have laughed.' And the damsel said, 'Tell me thy dream.' And he answered and said, 'I may not tell my dream only to my wife, for it regards her honour.' And the maiden grew sad and curious, and said, 'I am thy wife, tell me thy dream.' And straightforth they went and were married, and ever after they both laughed.' Now, learned Zimri, what means this tale, an idle jest for a master of the law, yet it is written by the greatest Doctor of the Captivity?"

"It passeth my comprehension," said the chief Rabbi.

Rabbi Eliezer was silent; the congregation groaned.

"Now hear the interpretation," said the African. "The youth is our people

and the damsel is our lost Sion, and the tomb of Absalom proves that salvation can only come from the house of David. Dost thou hear this, young man?" said the African, coming forward, and laying his hand on Alroy, "I speak to thee, because I have observed a deep attention in thy conduct."

The Prince of the Captivity started, and shot a glance at the dark visage before him, but the glance read nothing. The upper part of the countenance of the African was half concealed by masses of dark matted hair, and the lower by his uncouth robes. A flashing eye was its only characteristic, which darted forth like lightning out of a black cloud.

"Is my attention the only reason that induces you to address me?" inquired Alroy.

"Whoever gave all his reasons?" replied the African, with a laughing sneer.

"I seek not to learn them. Suffice it, stranger, that how much soever you may mean, as much I can understand."

"'Tis well: learned Zimri, is this thy pupil? I congratulate thee. I will match him against the hopeful Eliezer." So saying, the lofty African stalked out of the chamber. The assembly also broke up. Alroy would willingly have immediately followed the African, and held some further and more private conversation with him; but some minutes elapsed, owing to the officious attentions of Zimri, before he could escape; and when he did, his search after the stranger was vain. He inquired among the congregation, but none knew the African. He was no

man's guest, and no man's debtor, and apparently had never before been seen.

V.

The trumpet was sounding to close the gates, as Alroy passed the Sion entrance. The temptation was irresistible. He rushed out, and ran for more than one hundred yards without looking back, and when he did, he had the satisfaction of ascertaining that he was fairly shut out for the night. The Sun had set, still the Mount of Olives was flushed with the reflection of his dying beams, but Jehosaphat at its feet was in deep shadow.

He wandered among the mountains for some time, beholding Jerusalem from a hundred different points of view, and

watching the single planets and clustering constellations that gradually burst into beauty or gathered into light. At length, somewhat exhausted, he descended into the vale. The scanty rill of Siloah[46] looked like a thread of silver winding in the moonlight. Some houseless wretches were slumbering under the arch of its fountain. Several isolated tombs of considerable size[47] rose at the base of Olivet, and into the largest of these Alroy entered. He entered through a narrow passage into a small square chamber. On each side was an empty sarcophagus of granite, one with its lid broken. Between these the Prince of the Captivity laid his robe, and, wearied by his ramble, soon soundly slept.

After some hours he woke. He fancied that he had been wakened by the sound

of voices. The chamber was not quite dark. A straggling moonbeam fought its way through an open fret-work pattern in the top of the tomb, and just revealed the dim interior. Suddenly a voice spoke —a strange and singular voice.

"Brother, brother, the sounds of the night begin."

Another voice answered,

"Brother, brother, I hear them, too."

"The woman in labour!"

"The thief at his craft!"

"The sentinel's challenge!"

"The murderer's step!"

"Oh! the merry sounds of the night!"

"Brother, brother, let us come forth and wander about the world."

"We have seen all things. I'll lie here and listen to the baying hound. Tis music for a tomb."

"Choice and rare. You are idle. I like to sport in the starry air. Our hours are few, they should be fair."

"What shall we see, Heaven or Earth?"

"Hell for me, 'tis more amusing."

"As for me, I am sick of Hades."

"Let us visit Solomon!"

"In his unknown metropolis?"

"That will be rare."

"But where, oh! where?"

"Even a spirit cannot tell. But they say, but they say—I dare not whisper what they say."

"Who told you?"

"No one. I overheard an Afrite whispering to a female Ghoul he wanted to seduce."

"Hah, hah! hah, hah! choice pair, choice pair! We are more etherial."

"She was a beauty in her way. Her

eyes were luminous, though somewhat dank, and her cheek tinged with carnation caught from infant blood."

"Oh! gay, oh! gay; what said they?"

"He was a deserter without leave from Solomon's body-guard. The trull wriggled the secret out."

"Tell me, kind brother."

"I'll show, not tell."

"I pr'ythee tell me."

"Well, then, well. In Genthesma's gloomy cave there is a river none has reached, and you must sail, and you must sail——Brother!"

"Ay."

"Methinks I smell something too earthly."

"What's that?"

"The breath of man."

"Scent more fatal than the morning air! Away, away!"

VI.

In the range of mountains that lead from Olivet to the river Jordan is the great cavern of Genthesma, a mighty excavation formed by the combined and immemorial work of Nature and of Art. For on the high basaltic columns are cut strange characters and unearthly forms,[48] and in many places the natural ornaments have been completed by the hands of the sculptor into symmetrical entablatures and fanciful capitals. The work, they say, of captive Dives and conquered Afrites, for the great king.

It was midnight; the cold full moon

showered its brilliancy upon this narrow valley, shut in on all sides by black and barren mountains. A single being stood at the entrance of the cave.

It was Alroy. Desperate and determined, after listening to the two spirits in the tomb, he was resolved to penetrate the mysteries of Genthesma. He took from his girdle a flint and steel, with which he lighted a torch and then he entered.

The cavern narrowed as he cautiously advanced, and soon he found himself at the head of an evidently artificial gallery. A crowd of bats rushed forward and extinguished his torch.[49] He leant down to relight it, and in so doing observed that he trod upon an artificial pavement.

The gallery was of great extent, with a gradual declination.[50] Being in a straight

line with the mouth of the cavern, the moonlit scene was long visible, but Alroy on looking round now perceived that the exterior was shut out by the eminence that he had left behind him. The sides of the gallery were covered with strange and sculptured forms.

The Prince of the Captivity proceeded along this gallery for nearly two hours. A distant murmur of falling water, which might have been distinguished nearly from the first, increased in sound as he advanced, and now, from the loud roar and dash at hand, he felt that he was on the brink of some cataract. It was very dark. His heart trembled. He felt his footing ere he ventured to advance. The spray suddenly leaped forward, and extinguished his torch. His imminent danger filled him with terror, and he receded some

paces, but in vain endeavoured to re-illumine his torch, which was soaked with the water.

His courage deserted him. Energy and exertion seemed hopeless. He was about to deliver himself up to despair, when an expanding lustre attracted his attention in the opposing gloom.

A small and bright red cloud seemed sailing towards him. It opened, discharged from its bosom a silvery star, and dissolved again into darkness. But the star remained, the silvery star, and threw a long line of tremulous light upon the vast and raging rapid, which now, fleet and foaming, revealed itself on all sides to the eye of Alroy.

The beautiful interposition in his favour re-animated the adventurous pilgrim. A dark shadow in the fore-

ground, breaking the line of light shed by the star upon the waters, attracted his attention. He advanced, regained his former footing, and more nearly examined it. It was a boat, and in the boat, mute and immovable, sat one of those vast, singular, and hideous forms, which he had observed sculptured on the walls of the gallery.

David Alroy, committing his fortunes to the God of Israel, leapt into the boat.

VII.

And at the same moment the Afrite,[51] for it was one of those dread beings, raised the oars, and the boat moved. The falling waters suddenly parted in the long line of the star's reflection, and the

barque glided through their high and severed masses.

In this wise they proceeded for a few minutes, until they entered a beautiful and moonlit lake. In the distance was a mountainous country. Alroy examined his companion with a feeling of curiosity not unmixed with terror. It was remarkable that Alroy could never succeed in any way attracting his notice. The Afrite seemed totally unconscious of the presence of his passenger. At length the boat reached the opposite shore of the lake, and the Prince of the Captivity disembarked.

He disembarked at the head of an avenue of colossal lions of red granite[52] which extended far as the eye could reach, and which ascended the side of the mountain, which was cut into a flight

of magnificent steps. The easy ascent was in consequence soon accomplished, and Alroy proceeding along the avenue of lions, soon gained the summit of the mountain.

To his infinite astonishment, he beheld Jerusalem. That strongly-marked locality could not be mistaken: at his feet was Jehosaphat, Kedron, Siloah: he stood upon Olivet; before him was Sion. But in all other respects, how different was the landscape to the one he had gazed upon a few days back, for the first time! The surrounding hills sparkled with vineyards, and glowed with summer palaces, and voluptuous pavilions, and glorious gardens of pleasure. The city, extending all over Mount Sion, was encompassed with a wall of white marble, with battlements of gold, a gorgeous mass of gates

and pillars, and gardened terraces, lofty piles of rarest materials, cedar, and ivory, and precious stones, and costly columns of the richest workmanship, and the most fanciful orders, capitals of the lotus and the palm, and flowing friezes of the olive and the vine.

And in the front a mighty Temple rose, with inspiration in its very form, a Temple so vast, so sumptuous, there required no priest to tell us that no human hand planned that sublime magnificence!

"God of my fathers!" said Alroy, "I am a poor, weak thing, and my life has been a life of dreams and visions, and I have sometimes thought my brain lacked a sufficient master—where am I? Do I sleep or live? Am I a slumberer or a ghost? This trial is too much." He

sank down, and hid his face in his hands: his over-exerted mind appeared to desert him; he wept hysterically.

Many minutes elapsed before Alroy grew composed. His wild bursts of weeping sank into sobs, and the sobs died off into sighs. And at length, calm from exhaustion, he again looked up, and lo! the glorious city was no more! Before him was a moon-lit plain, over which the avenue of lions still advanced, and appeared to terminate only in the mountainous distance.

This limit, the Prince of the Captivity at length reached, and stood before a stupendous portal, cut out of the solid rock, four hundred feet in height, and supported by clusters of colossal Caryatides.[53] Upon the portal were engraven some Hebrew characters, which, upon

examination, proved to be the same as those upon the talisman of Jabaster. And so taking from his bosom that all-precious and long-cherished deposit, David Alroy, in obedience to his instructions, pressed the signet against the gigantic portal.

The portal opened with a crash of thunder louder than an earthquake. Pale, panting, and staggering, the Prince of the Captivity entered an illimitable hall, illumined by pendulous and stupendous balls of glowing metal. On each side of the hall, sitting on golden thrones, was ranged a line of kings, and as the pilgrim entered, the monarchs rose, and took off their diadems, and waved them thrice, and thrice repeated, in solemn chorus, "All hail, Alroy! Hail to thee, brother King. Thy crown awaits thee!"

The Prince of the Captivity stood

trembling, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning breathless against a column. And when at length he had a little recovered himself, and dared again to look up, he found the monarchs were reseated; and, from their still and vacant visages, apparently unconscious of his presence. And this emboldened him, and so staring alternately at each side of the hall, but with a firm, perhaps desperate step, Alroy advanced.

And he came to two thrones which were set apart from the others in the middle of the hall. On one was seated a noble figure, far above the common stature, with arms folded and downcast eyes. His feet rested upon a broken sword, and a shivered sceptre, which told he was a monarch, in spite of his discrowned head.

And on the opposite throne was a venerable personage, with a long flowing beard, and dressed in white raiment. His countenance was beautiful, although ancient. Age had stole on without its imperfections, and Time had only invested it with a sweet dignity and solemn grace. The countenance of the King was upraised with a seraphic gaze, and as he thus looked up on high, with eyes full of love, and thanksgiving, and praise, his consecrated fingers seemed to touch the trembling wires of a golden harp.

And further on, and far above the rest, upon a throne that stretched across the hall, a most imperial presence straightway flashed upon the startled vision of Alroy. Fifty steps of ivory, and each step guarded by golden lions,[54] led to a throne of jasper. A dazzling light blazed

forth from the glittering diadem and radiant countenance of him who sat upon the throne—one beautiful as a woman, but with the majesty of a god. And in one hand he held a seal, and in the other a sceptre.

And when Alroy had reached the foot of the throne, he stopped, and his heart misgave him. And he prayed for some minutes in silent devotion, and without daring to look up, he mounted the first step of the throne, and the second, and the third, and so on, with slow and faltering feet, until he reached the forty-ninth step.

The Prince of the Captivity raised his eyes. He stood before the monarch face to face. In vain Alroy attempted to attract his attention, or to fix his gaze. The large black eyes, full of supernatural

lustre, appeared capable of piercing all things, and illuminating all things, but they flashed on without shedding a ray upon Alroy.

Pale as a spectre, the pilgrim, whose pilgrimage seemed now on the point of completion, stood cold and trembling before the object of all his desires, and all his labours. But he thought of his country, his people, and his God, and while his noiseless lips breathed the name of Jehovah, solemnly he put forth his arm, and with a gentle firmness grasped the unresisting sceptre of his great ancestor.

And as he seized it, the whole scene vanished from his sight!

VIII.

Hours or years might have passed away, as far as the sufferer was concerned, when Alroy again returned to self-consciousness. His eyes slowly opened, he cast around a vacant stare, he was lying in the Cavern of Genthesma. The moon had set, but the morn had not broken. A single star glittered over the brow of the black mountains. He faintly moved his limbs, he would have raised his hand to his bewildered brain, but found that it grasped a sceptre. The memory of the past returned to him. He tried to rise, and found that he was

reposing in the arms of a human being. He turned his head—he met the anxious gaze of Jabaster !

PART VII.

I.

"YOUR pace is troubled, uncle."

"So is my mind."

"All may go well."

"Miriam, we have seen the best. Prepare yourself for sorrow, gentle girl. I care not for myself, for I am old, and age makes heroes of us all. I have endured, and can endure more. As we approach our limit it would appear our minds grow callous. I have seen my wealth, raised with the labours of a

thoughtful life, vanish in a morn: my people, a fragile remnant, nevertheless a people, dispersed, or what is worse. I have wept for them, although no tear of selfish grief has tinged this withered cheek. And were I but alone—ay! there's the pang. The solace of my days is now my sorrow."

"Weep not for me, dear uncle. Rather let us pray our God will not desert us."

"We know not when we are well. Our hours stole tranquilly along, and then we murmured. Prospering, we murmured, and now we are rightly stricken. The legend of the past is Israel's bane. The past is a dream; and in the waking present we should discard the enervating shadow. Why would we be free? We murmured against cap-

tivity. This *is* captivity: this damp, dim cell, where we are brought to die.

"Oh! Youth, rash Youth, thy being is Destruction. But yesterday a child—it seems but yesterday I nursed him in these arms, a thoughtless child—and now our house has fallen by his deeds. I'll not think of it; 'twill make me mad."

"Uncle, dearest, dearest uncle, we have lived together, and we will die together, and both in love: but, but, I pray you,—speak no harsh word of David."

"Shall I praise him?"

"Say nothing. What he has done, if done in grief, has been done all in honour. Would you that he had spared Alschiroch?"

"Never! I would have struck him myself. Brave boy, he did his duty, and

I—I, Miriam, thy uncle, at whom they wink behind his back and call him niggard, was I wanting in that hour of trial? Was my treasure spared to save my people? Did I shrink from all the toil and trouble of that time? A trying time, my Miriam, but compared with this, the building of the Temple."

"You were then what you have ever been, the best and wisest. And since our fathers' God did not desert us, even in that wilderness of wildest woe, I offer gratitude in present faith, and pay him for past mercies by my prayers for more."

"Well, well; life must end. The hour approaches when we must meet our rulers and mock trial; precious justice that begins in threats and ends in torture. You are silent, Miriam."

"I am speaking to my God."

"What is that noise? A figure moves behind the dusky grate. Our gaoler. No, no, it is Caleb! Faithful child, I fear you have perilled much."

"I enter with authority, my Lord, and bear good tidings."

"He smiles! Is't possible? Speak on, speak on!"

"Alroy has captured the Harem of our governor, as they journeyed from Bagdad to this city, guarded by his choicest troops. And he has sent to offer that they shall be exchanged for you and for your household. And Hassan has answered that his women shall owe their freedom to nothing but his sword. But in the meantime it is agreed between him and the messenger of your nephew, that both companies of prisoners shall be

treated with all becoming courtesy. You, therefore, are remanded to your palace, and the trumpet is now sounding before the great mosque to summon all the host against Alroy, whom Hassan has vowed to bring to Hamadan dead or alive."

" The harem of the governor, guarded too by his choicest troops. 'Tis a great deed. He did remember us. Faithful boy ! The harem of the governor !—his choicest troops ! 'Tis a very great deed. Methinks the Lord is with him. He has his great father's heart. Only think of David---a child ! I nursed him---often. Caleb ! Can this be David, our David, a child, a girl ! Yet he struck Alschiroch ! Miriam ! where is she ? Worthy Caleb, look to your mistress; she has fallen. Dead, quite dead. Fetch water. 'Tis

not very pure---but we shall be in our palace soon. The harem of the governor! I can't believe it. Sprinkle, sprinkle. David take them prisoners! Why, when they pass, we are obliged to turn our heads, and dare not look. More water: I'll rub her hand. 'Tis warmer! Her eyes open! Miriam, choice news, my darling! The harem of the governor!---I'll not believe it!"

II.

"Once more within our walls, Caleb. Life is a miracle. I feel young again. This is home; and yet I am a prisoner. You said the host were assembling; he can have no chance. Think you, Caleb, he has any chance? I hope he will die.

I would not have him taken. I fear their tortures. We will die too; we will all die. Now I am out of that dungeon, methinks I even could fight. Is it true that he has joined with robbers?"

"I saw the messenger, and learnt that he first repaired to some bandits in the ruins in the desart. He had become acquainted with them in his pilgrimage. They say their leader is one of our people."

"I am glad of that. He can eat with him. I would not have him eat unclean things with the Ishmaelites."

"Lord, sir! our people gather to him from all quarters. 'Tis said Jabaster, the great Cabalist, has joined him from the mountains with ten thousand men."

"The great Jabaster! then there is some chance. I know Jabaster well. He

is too wise to join a desperate cause. Ar't sure about Jabaster? 'Tis a great name, a very potent spirit. I have heard such things of that Jabaster, sir, would make you stare like Saul before the spirit! Only think of our David, Caleb, making all this noise! I am full of hope. I feel not like a prisoner. He beat the Harem guard, and now he has got Jabaster, he will beat them all."

"The messenger told me he captured the Harem only to free his uncle and his sister."

"He ever loved me; I have done my duty to him; I think I have. Jabaster! why, man, the name is a spell! There are men at Bagdad who will get up in the night to join Jabaster. I hope David will follow his counsels in all things. I would

I had seen his servant, I could have sent him a message"

"Lord, sir! the Prince Alroy has no great need of councillors, I can tell you. 'Tis said he bears the sceptre of great Solomon, which he himself obtained in the unknown tombs of Palestine."

"The sceptre of Solomon!—could I but believe it! 'Tis an age of wonders! Where are we? Call for Miriam, I'll tell her this. Only think of David—a mere child—our David with the sceptre of Solomon! and Jabaster too! I have great faith. The Lord confound his enemies!"

III.

"Gentle Rachel, I fear I trouble you; sweet Beruna, I thank you for your zeal. I am better now; the shock was great. These are strange tidings, maidens."

"Yes, dear lady! who would have thought of your brother turning out a captain?"

"I am sure I always thought he was the quietest person in the world," said Beruna, "though he did kill Alschiroch."

"One could never get a word out of him," said Rachel.

"He was always moping alone," said Beruna.

"And when one spoke to him he always turned away," said Leah.

" Or blushed," added Imra.

" Well, for my part," said the beautiful Bathsheba, " I always thought Prince David was a genius. He had such beautiful eyes !"

" I hope he will conquer Hassan," said Rachel.

" So do I," said Beruna.

" I wonder what he has done with the Harem," said Leah.

" I don't think he will dare to speak to them," said Imra.

" You are very much mistaken," said Bathsheba.

" Hark !" said Miriam.

" 'Tis Hassan," said Bathsheba ; " may he never return !'

The wild drum of the Seljuks sounded, then a flourish of their fierce trumpets, and soon the tramp of horse. Behind the

blinds of their chamber, Miriam and her maidens beheld the magnificent troop of turbaned horsemen, who, glittering with splendid armour and bright shawls, and proudly bounding on their fiery steeds, now went forth to crush and conquer the only hope of Israel. Upon an Arab, darker than night, rode the superb Hassan, and as he passed the dwelling of his late prisoners, whether from the exulting anticipation of coming triumph, or from a soft suspicion that, behind that lattice, bright eyes and brilliant faces were gazing on his state, the haughty but handsome Seljuk flourished his scimetar over his head, as he threw his managed steed into attitudes that developed the skill of its rider.

"He is handsomer than Alschiroch," said Rachel.

"What a shawl!" said Beruna.

"His scimetar was like lightning," said Leah.

"And his steed like thunder," said Imra.

"The evil eye fall on him!" said Bathsheba.

"Lord, remember David!" exclaimed Miriam; "and all his afflictions!"

IV.

The deserted city of the wilderness presented a very different appearance to that which met the astonished gaze of Alroy when he first beheld its noble turrets, and wandered in its silent streets of palaces.

Without the gates was pitched a nu-

merous camp of those low black tents common among the Kourds and Turkmans; the principal street was full of busy groups engaged in all the preparations of warfare, and all the bustling expedients of an irregular and adventurous life; steeds were stalled in ruined chambers, and tall camels raised their still visages among the clustering columns, or crouched in kneeling tranquillity amid fallen statues and prostrate obelisks.

Two months had scarcely elapsed since Alroy and Jabaster had sought Scherirah in his haunt, and announced to him their sacred mission. The callous heart of him, whose "mother was a Jewess," had yielded to their inspired annunciations. He embraced their cause with all the fervour of conversion, and his motley band were not long sceptical of a creed which,

while it assuredly offered danger and adventure, held out the prospects of wealth and even empire. From the city of the wilderness the new Messiah sent forth his messengers to the neighbouring cities to announce his advent to his brethren in captivity. The Hebrews, a proud and stiff-necked race, ever prone to rebellion, received the announcement of their favourite Prince with transport. The descendant of David, and the slayer of Alschiroch, had double claims upon their confidence and allegiance, and the flower of the Hebrew youth in the neighbouring cities of the Caliphate repaired in crowds to pay their homage to the recovered sceptre of Solomon.

The affair was at first treated by the government with contempt, and the sultan of the Seljuks contented himself with

setting a price upon the head of the murderer of his brother; but when several cities had been placed under contribution, and more than one Moslemin caravan stopped and plundered in the name of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, orders were despatched from Bagdad to the new governor of Hamadan, Hassan Subah, to suppress the robbers, or the rebels, and to send David Alroy dead or alive to the capital.

The Hebrew malcontents were well apprised by their less adventurous, but still sympathizing, brethren of every thing that took place at the head-quarters of the enemy. Spies arrived on the same day at the city of the wilderness who informed Alroy that his uncle was thrown into a dungeon at Hamadan, and that a body of chosen troops were about to

escort a royal harem from Bagdad into Persia.

Alroy attacked the escort in person, utterly discomfited them, and captured their charge. It proved to be the harem of the Governor of Hamadan, and if for a moment, the too sanguine fancy of the captor experienced a passing pang of disappointment, the prize at least obtained, as we have seen, the freedom and security of his dear, though distant, friends. This exploit precipitated the expedition which was preparing at Hamadan for his destruction. The enraged Hassan Subah started from his divan, seized his scimetar, and without waiting for the auxiliaries he had summoned from the neighbouring chieftains, called to horse, and at the head of two thousand of the splendid Seljukian cavalry, hurried to

vindicate his love, and satiate his revenge.

Within the amphitheatre which he first entered as a prisoner, Alroy sat in council. On his right was Jabaster, Scherirah on his left. A youth, little his senior, but tall as a palm tree, and strong as a young lion, was the fourth captain. In the distance, some standing, some reclining, were about fifty men completely armed.

"Are the people numbered, Abner?" inquired Alroy of the youth.

"Even so: three hundred effective horsemen, and two thousand footmen; but the footmen lack arms."

"The Lord will send them in good time," said Jabaster, "meanwhile let them continue to make javelins."

"Trust in the Lord," murmured Sche-

rirah, bending his head, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

A loud shout was heard throughout the city. Alroy started from his carpet. The messenger had returned. Pale and haggard, covered with sweat and sand, the faithful envoy was borne into the amphitheatre almost upon the shoulders of the people. In vain the guard endeavoured to stem the passage of the multitude. They clambered up the tiers of arches, they filled the void and crumbling seats of the antique circus, they supported themselves upon each other's shoulders, they clung to the capitals of the lofty columns. The whole multitude had assembled to hear the intelligence; the scene recalled the ancient purpose of the building, and Alroy and his fellow-warriors seemed like the gladiators of some old spectacle.

"Speak," said Alroy, "speak the worst. No news can be bitter to those whom the Lord will avenge."

"Ruler of Israel! thus saith Hassan Subah," answered the messenger; "my harem shall owe their freedom to nothing but my sword. I treat not with rebels, but I war not with age or woman; and between Bostenay and his household on one side, and the prisoners of thy master on the other, let there be peace. Go, tell Alroy, I will seal it in his best blood. And lo! thy uncle and thy sister are again in their palace."

Alroy placed his hand for a moment to his eyes, and then instantly resuming his self-possession, he inquired as to the movements of the enemy.

"I have crossed the desart on a swift dromedary [56] lent to me by Shelomi of the

Gate, whose heart is with our cause. I have not tarried, neither have I slept. Ere to-morrow's sunset, the Philistines will be here, led by Hassan Subah himself. The Lord of Hosts be with us! Since we conquered Canaan, Israel hath not struggled with such a power!"

A murmur ran through the assembly. Men exchanged inquiring glances, and involuntarily pressed each other's arms.

"The trial has come," said a middle-aged Hebrew, who had fought twenty years ago with Jabaster.

"Let me die for the Ark!" said a young enthusiast of the band of Abner.

"I thought we should get into a scrape," whispered Kisloch, the Kourd, to Calidas, the Indian. "What could have ever induced us to give up robbing in a quiet manner?"

"And turn Jews!" said the Guebre, with a sneer.

"Look at Scherirah," said the Negro, grinning. "If he is not kissing the sceptre of Solomon!"

"I wish to heaven he had only hung Alroy the first time he met him," said Calidas.

"Sons of the Covenant!" exclaimed Alroy, "the Lord hath delivered them into our hands. To-morrow eve we march to Hamadan!"

A cheer followed this exclamation.

"It is written," said Jabaster, opening a volume, "'Lo! I will defend this city, to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.

"'And it came to pass that night that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians, an hundred

four score and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold! they were all dead corpses.'

"Now, as I was gazing upon the stars this morn, reading that celestial alphabet[57] known to the true Cabalist, behold! the star of the house of David and seven other stars moved, and met together, and formed into a circle. And the word they formed was a mystery to me; but lo! I have opened the book, and each star is the initial letter of each line of the Targum that I have now read to you. Therefore the fate of Sennacherib is the fate of Hassan Subah!"

> "*Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us. Selah!*"

Suddenly a female form appeared upon

the very top of the amphitheatre, upon the slight remains of the uppermost tier, of which a solitary arch alone was left. The chorus instantly died away, every tongue was silent, every eye fixed. Hushed, mute, and immoveable, even Kisloch and his companions were appalled as they gazed upon Esther the Prophetess.

Her eminent position, her imposing action, the flashing of her immense eyes, her beautiful, but awful countenance, her black hair, that hung almost to her knees, and the white light of the moon, just rising over the opposite side of the amphitheatre, and which threw a silvery flash upon her form, and seemed to invest her with some miraculous emanation, while all beneath her were in deep gloom, all these circumstances combined, rendered her an object of universal interest and at-

tention, while in a powerful, but very high voice, she thus addressed them.

"They come, they come! But will they go? Lo! hear ye this, O house of Jacob, which are called by the name of Israel, and are come forth out of the waters of Judah! I hear their drum in the desart, and the voice of their trumpets is like the wind of Eve, but a decree hath gone forth, and it says, that a mortal shall be more precious than fine gold, yea, a man than the rich ore of Ophir.

"They come, they come! But will they go? I see the flash of their scimitars, I mark the prancing of their cruel steeds; but a decree hath gone forth, and it says, a gleaning shall be left among them, as in the shaking of the olive tree; two or three berries on the top of the up-

permost bough; four or five on the straggling branches.

"They come, they come! But will they go? Lo! a decree hath gone forth, and it says, Hamadan shall be to thee for a spoil, and desolation shall fall upon Babylon. And there shall the wild beasts of the desart lodge, and howling monsters shall fill their houses, and there shall the daughters of the ostrich dwell, and there shall the screech-owl pitch her tent, and there shall the night raven lay her eggs, and there shall the satyrs hold their revels. And wolves shall howl to one another in their palaces, and dragons in their voluptuous pavilions. Her time is near at hand, her days shall not be prolonged, the reed and the lotus shall wither in her rivers, and the meadows by her canals shall be as the sands of the desart.

For, is it a light thing that the Lord should send his servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel? Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth, and break forth into singing, O mountains, for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted!"

She ceased, she descended the precipitous side of the amphitheatre, with rapid steps, vaulting from tier to tier, and bounding with wonderful agility from one mass of ruin to the other. At length she reached the level; and then, foaming and panting, she rushed to Alroy, threw herself upon the ground, embraced his feet, and wiped off the dust from his sandals with her hair.

The assembly broke into long and loud acclamations of supernatural confidence,

and sanguine enthusiasm. They beheld their Messiah wave his miraculous sceptre. They thought of Hassan Subah and his Seljuks only as of victims, and of to-morrow only as of a day which was to commence a new æra of Triumph, Freedom, and Empire !

NOTES.

NOTES

TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

NOTE 1.—Page 7.

We shall yet see an ass mount a ladder.

Hebrew Proverb.

NOTE 2.—Page 28.

Our walls are hung with flowers you love.

It is the custom of the Hebrews in many of their festivals, especially in the feast of the Tabernacle, to hang the walls of their chambers with garlands of flowers.

NOTE 3.—Page 32.

The traditionary tomb of Esther and Mordecai.

" I accompanied the Priest through the town over much ruin and rubbish to an enclosed piece of

ground, rather more elevated than any in its immediate vicinity. In the centre was the Jewish tomb—a square building of brick, of a mosque-like form, with a rather elongated dome at the top. The door is in the ancient sepulchral fashion of the country, very small, consisting of a single stone of great thickness, and turning on its own pivots from one side. Its key is always in possession of the eldest of the Jews resident at Hamadan. Within the tomb are two sarcophagi, made of a very dark wood, carved with great intricacy of pattern and richness of twisted ornament, with a line of inscription in Hebrew," &c.—*Sir R. K. Porter's Travels in Persia*, vol. ii. p. 107.

Note 4.—Page 36.

A marble fountain, the richly-carved cupola supported by twisted columns.

The vast magnificence and elaborate fancy of the tombs and fountains is a remarkable feature of Oriental architecture. The Eastern nations devote to these structures the richest and the most durable materials. While the palaces of Asiatic monarchs

are in general built only of wood, painted in fresco, the rarest marbles are dedicated to the sepulchre and the spring, which are often richly gilt, and adorned even with precious stones.

Note 5.—Page 38.

The chorus of our maidens.

It is still the custom for the women in the East to repair at Sunset in company to the fountain for their supply of water. In Egypt you may observe at twilight the women descending the banks of the Nile in procession from every town and village. Their graceful drapery, their long veils not concealing their flashing eyes, and the classical forms of their vases, render this a most picturesque and agreeable spectacle.

Note 6.—Page 53.

I describe the salty desarts of Persia, a locality which my tale required, but I have ventured to introduce here, and in the subsequent pages, the principal characteristics of the great Arabian desarts—the Mirage, the Simoom, the Gazelle, the Oasis.

Note 7.—Page 62.

Jackals and martin-cat.

At night-fall, especially in Asia Minor, the lonely horseman will often meet the jackals at their evening prowl. Their moaning is often heard during the night. I remember, when becalmed off Troy, the most terrible and singular screams were heard at intervals throughout the night, from a forest on the opposite shore, which a Greek sailor assured me proceeded from a martin-cat, which had probably found the carcass of some horse.

Note 8.—Page 67.

Elburz, or *Elborus*, the highest range of the Caucasus.

Note 9.—Page 68.

A cornelian talisman covered with strange characters.

Talismans have not in any degree lost their influence in the East. Most that I have seen have been

cut upon cornelian. A very precious one of this nature, obtained at great cost and peril, of the most celebrated Sorcerer in Cairo, lies at this moment by my side. It secures to its possessor a constancy of good fortune. Unfortunately its present holder is the exception that proves the rule.

NOTE 10.—Page 70.

A circular and brazen table, sculptured with strange characters and mysterious figures; near it was a couch on which lie several volumes.

A cabalistic table, perhaps a zodiac. The books were doubtless *Sepher Happeliah*, the Book of Wonders; *Sepher Hakkaneh*, the Book of the Pen; and *Sepher Habbahir*, the Book of Light. This last unfolds the most sublime mysteries.

NOTE.—Page 71.

Answered the Cabalist.

"Simeon ben Jochai, who flourished in the second century, and was a disciple of Akibha, is called by the Jews, the Prince of the Cabalists. After the

suppression of the sedition, in which his master had been so unsuccessful, he concealed himself in a cave, where, according to the Jewish historians, he received revelations, which he afterwards delivered to his disciples, and which they carefully preserved in the book called *Sohar*. His master Akibha, who lived soon after the destruction of Jerusalem, was the author of the famous book *Jesirah*, quoted by the Jews as of Divine authority. When Akibha was far advanced in life appeared the famous impostor Barchochebas, who, under the character of the Messiah, promised to deliver his countrymen from the power of the Emperor Adrian. Akibha espoused his cause, and afforded him the protection and support of his name, and an army of two hundred thousand men repaired to his standard. The Romans at first slighted the insurrection; but when they found the insurgents spread slaughter and rapine wherever they came, they sent out a military force against them. At first, the issue of the contest was doubtful. The Messiah himself was not taken until the end of four years."—*Enfield; Philosophy of the Jews*, vol. ii.

"Two methods of instruction were in use among the Jews; the one public, or *exoteric;* the other

secret, or *esoteric*. The exoteric doctrine was that which was openly taught the people from the law of Moses, and the traditions of the fathers. The esoteric was that which treated of the mysteries of the Divine nature, and other sublime subjects, and was known by the name of the Cabbala. The latter was after the manner of the Pythagorean and Egyptian mysteries, taught only to certain persons, who were bound, under the most solemn anathema, not to divulge it. Concerning the miraculous origin and preservation of the Cabbala, the Jews relate many marvellous tales. They derive these mysteries from Adam; and assert, that while the first man was in Paradise, the angel Rasiel brought him a book from Heaven, which contained the doctrines of heavenly wisdom, and that when Adam received this book, angels came down to him to learn its contents, but that he refused to admit them to the knowledge of sacred things entrusted to him alone; that after the fall, this book was taken back into Heaven; that after many prayers and tears God restored it to Adam, from whom it passed to Seth. In the degenerate age before the flood, this book was lost, and the mysteries it contained almost forgotten; but they

were restored by special revelation to Abraham, who committed them to writing in the book *Jezirah.*"—*Vid. Enfield*, vol. ii. p. 219.

" The Hebrew word *Cabala*," says Dom Calmet, " signifies tradition, and the Rabbins, who are named Cabalists, apply themselves principally to the combination of certain words, numbers, and letters, by the means of which they boasted they could reveal the future, and penetrate the sense of the most difficult passages of Scripture. This science does not appear to have any fixed principles, but depends upon certain ancient traditions, whence its name *Cabala*. The Cabalists have a great number of names which they style sacred, by means of which they raise spirits, and affect to obtain supernatural intelligence."—See *Calmet, art. Cabala*.

" We spake before," says Lightfoot, " of the commonness of Magick among them, one singular means whereby they kept their own in delusion, and whereby they affronted ours. The general expectation of the nation of Messias coming when he did, had this double and contrary effect, that it forwarded those that belonged to God to believe and receive the Gospel; and those that did not, it gave encouragement to some to

take upon them they were Christ, or some great prophet, and to others it gave some persuasion to be deluded by them. These deceivers dealt most of them with Magick, and that cheat ended not when Jerusalem ended, though one would have thought that had been a fair term of not further expecting Messias; but since the people were willing to be deceived by such expectation, there rose up deluders still that were willing to deceive them."—*Lightfoot*, vol. ii. p. 371.

For many curious details of the Cabalistical Magic, *Vid. Basnage*, vol. v. p. 384, &c.

NOTE 11.—Page 75.

Read the stars no longer.

"The modern Jews," says Basnage, "have a great idea of the influence of the stars." Vol. iv. p. 454. But astrology was most prevalent among the Babylonian Rabbins, of whom Jabaster was one. Living in the ancient land of the Chaldeans, these sacred sages imbibed a taste for the mystic lore of their predecessors. The stars moved, and formed

letters and lines, when consulted by any of the high-initiated of the Cabalists. This they styled the Celestial Alphabet.

NOTE 12.—Page 85.

The Daughter of the Voice.

"Both the Talmudick and the latter Rabbins," says Lightfoot, "make frequent mention of *Bath Kol*, or *Filia Vocis*, or an echoing voice which served under the second temple for their utmost refuge of revelation. For when Urim and Thummim, the oracle was ceased, and prophecy was decayed and gone; they had, as they say, certain strange and extraordinary voices upon certain extraordinary occasions, which were their warnings and advertisements in some special matters. Infinite instances of this might be adduced, if they might be believed. Now here it may be questioned, why they called it *Bath Kol, the daughter of a voice*, and not a voice itself? If the strictness of the Hebrew word *Bath* be to be stood upon, which always it is not, it may be answered, that it is called the *Daughter of a Voice* in relation to the oracles of Urim and Thummim. For whereas that was a voice given from off the

mercy seat, within the vail, and this, upon the decay of that oracle, came as it were in its place, it might not unfitly or improperly be called a *daughter*, or successor of that voice." — *Lightfoot*, vol. i. p. 485, 486.

Consult also the learned Doctor, vol. ii. p. 128, 129: "It was used for a testimony from heaven, but was indeed performed by magic art."

NOTE 13.—Page 97.

The walls and turrets of an extensive city.

In Persia, and the countries of the Tigris and Euphrates, the traveller sometimes arrives at deserted cities of great magnificence and antiquity. Such, for instance, is the city of Anneh. I suppose Alroy to have entered one of the deserted capitals of the Seleucidæ. They are in general the haunt of bandits.

NOTE 14.—Page 109.

Punctured his arm.

From a story told by an Arab.

Note 15.—Page 115.

The pilgrim could no longer sustain himself.

I have endeavoured to paint the simoom as I myself experienced it in the desarts of Upper Egypt. My friend and fellow traveller, Mr. Clay, has, I venture to state, not forgotten the awful day.

Note 16.—Page 119.

By the holy stone.

The Caaba.—The Caaba is the same to the Mahomedan, as the Holy Sepulchre to the Christian. It is the most unseemly, but the most sacred, part of the mosque at Mecca, and is a small, square, stone building.

Note 17.—Page 121.

I am a Hakim.

i. e. Physician, an almost sacred character in the East. As all Englishmen travel with medicine chests, the Turks are not to be wondered at for considering us physicians.

NOTE 18.—Page 123.

The evil eye fall on him !

The superstition of the Evil Eye is well known, and is prevalent throughout the Levant.

NOTE 19.—Page 126.

Threw their wanton jerreeds in the air.

The Persians are more famous for throwing the jerreed than any other nation. A Persian gentleman, while riding quietly by your side, will suddenly dash off at full gallop, then suddenly check his horse, and take a long aim with his lance with admirable precision. I should doubt, however, whether he could hurl a lance a greater distance, or with greater force and effect, than a Nubian, who will fix a mark at sixty yards with his javelin.

NOTE 20.—Page 127.

Some pounded coffee.

The origin of the use of coffee is obscure; but there is great reason to believe that it had not been intro-

duced in the time of Alroy. When we consider that the life of an Oriental at the present day mainly consists in drinking coffee and smoking tobacco, we cannot resist from asking ourselves, "What did he do before either of these comparatively modern inventions was discovered?" For a long time, I was inclined to suspect that tobacco might have been in use in Asia before it was introduced into Europe; but a passage in old Sandys, in which he mentions the wretched tobacco smoked in Turkey, and accounts for it by that country being supplied by "the dregs of our markets," demonstrates, that in his time, there was no native growth in Asia. Yet the choicest tobaccos are now grown on the coast of Syria, the real Levant. But did the Asiatics smoke any other plant or substance before tobacco? In Syria, at the present day, they smoke a plant called *timbac;* the Chinese smoke opium; the artificial preparations for the hookah are known to all Indians. I believe, however, that these are all refinements, and for this reason, that in the classic writers, who were as well acquainted with the Oriental nations as ourselves, we find no allusion to the practice of smoking. The anachronism of the pipe I have not

therefore ventured to commit, and that of coffee will, I trust, be pardoned. See a short Essay on Oriental Smoking in the New Monthly Magazine for September, 1832, for an account of the Eastern tobaccos.

Note 21.—Page 127.

Wilder gestures of the dancing girls.

These dancing girls abound throughout Asia. The most famous are the Alwyn of Egypt, and the Nautch of India. These last are a caste, the first only a profession.

Note 22.—Page 140.

For thee the bastinado.

The bastinado is the common punishment of the East, and an effective and dreaded one. It is administered on the soles of the feet, the instrument a long cane or palm branch. Public executions are very rare.

NOTE 23.—Page 161.

A door of tortoise-shell and mother-o'-pearl.

This elegant mode of inlay, common in Oriental palaces, and may be observed also in Alhambra, at Granada.

NOTE 24.—Page 161.

A vaulted, circular, and highly embossed roof, of purple, scarlet, and gold.

In the very first style of Saracenic architecture. See the Hall of the Ambassadors in Alhambra, and many other chambers in that exquisite creation.

NOTE 25.—Page 162.

Nubian eunuchs dressed in rich habits of scarlet and gold.

Thus the guard of Nubian Eunuchs of the present Pacha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, or rather Caliph, a title which he wishes to assume. They ride upon white horses.

NOTE 26.—Page 162.

A quadrangular court of roses.

So in Alhambra, "THE COURT OF MYRTLES," leading to the Court of Columns, wherein is the famous Fountain of Lions.

NOTE 27.—Page 164.

An Abyssinian giant.

A giant is still a common appendage to an Oriental court even at the present day. See a very amusing story in the picturesque "Persian Sketches" of that famous elchee, Sir John Malcolm.

NOTE 28.—Page 165.

Surrounded by figures of every rare quadruped.

"The hall of audience," says Gibbon, from Cardonne, speaking of the magnificence of the Saracen of Cordova, "was encrusted with gold and pearls, and a great basin in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds."—*Decline and Fall*, vol. x. p. 39.

Note 29.—Page 166.

A tree of gold and silver.

"Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury, was a tree of gold and silver, spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery effected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony."—*Gibbon*, vol. x. p. 38. from Abulfeda, describing the court of the Caliphs of Bagdad in the decline of their power.

Note 30.—Page 167.

Four hundred men led as many white bloodhounds, with collars of gold and rubies.

I have somewhere read of an Indian or Persian monarch whose coursing was conducted in this gorgeous style: if I remember right, it was Mahmoud the Gaznevide.

Note 31.—Page 168.

A steed marked on its forehead with a star.

The sacred steed of Solomon.

NOTE 32.—Page 170.

Instead of water, each basin was replenished with the purest quicksilver.

"In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of those basins and fountains so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished, not with water, but with the purest quicksilver."—*Gibbon*, vol. x. from Cardonne.

NOTE 33.—Page 171.

Playing with a rosary of pearls and emeralds.

Moslemin of rank are never without the rosary, sometimes of amber and rare woods, sometimes of jewels. The most esteemed is of that peculiar substance called Mecca wood.

NOTE 34.—Page 172.

The diamond hilt of a very small poignard.

The insignia of a royal female.

Note 35.—Page 182.

You have been at Paris.

Paris was known to the Orientals at this time as a city of considerable luxury and importance. The embassy from Haroun Alraschid to Charlemagne at an earlier date, is of course recollected.

Note 36.—Page 196.

At length beholds the lost capital of his fathers.

The finest view of Jerusalem is from the Mount of Olives. It is little altered since the period when David Alroy is supposed to have gazed upon it, but it is enriched by the splendid Mosque of Omar, built by the Moslemin conquerors on the supposed site of the temple, and which, with its gardens, and arcades, and courts and fountains, may fairly be described as the most imposing of Moslemin fanes. I endeavoured to enter it at the hazard of my life. I was detected, and surrounded by a crowd of turbaned fanatics, and escaped with difficulty; but I saw enough to feel that minute inspection would not belie

the general character I formed of it from the Mount of Olives. I caught a glorious glimpse of splendid courts, and light airy gates of Saracenic triumph, flights of noble steps, long arcades, and interior gardens, where silver fountains spouted their tall streams amid the taller cypress.

NOTE 37.—Page 197.

Entered Jerusalem by the gate of Sion.

The gate of Sion still remains, and from it you descend into the valley of Siloa.

NOTE 38.—Page 204.

King Pirgandicus.

According to a Talmudical story, however, of which I find a note, this monarch was not a Hebrew but a Gentile, and a very wicked one. He once invited eleven famous doctors of the holy nation to supper. They were received in the most magnificent style, and were then invited, under pain of death, either to eat pork, to accept a pagan mistress, or to drink wine consecrated to idols. After long con-

sultation, the Doctors, in great tribulation, agreed to save their heads by accepting the last alternative, since the two first were forbidden by the law of Moses, and the last only by the Rabbins. The King assented, the Doctors drank the impure wine, and, as it was exceedingly good, drank freely. The wine, as will sometimes happen, created a terrible appetite; the table was covered with dishes, and the Doctors, heated by the grape, were not sufficiently careful of what they partook. In short, the wicked King Pirgandicus contrived that they should sup off pork, and being carried from the table quite tipsey, each of the eleven had the mortification of finding himself next morning in the arms of a Pagan mistress.

In the course of the year all the eleven died sudden deaths, and this visitation occurred to them, not because they had violated the law of Moses, but because they had believed that the precepts of the Rabbins could be outraged with more impunity than the word of God.

NOTE 39.—Page 204.

And conquered Julius Cæsar.

This classic hero often figures in the erratic pages of the Talmud.

Note 40.---Page 205.

The Tombs of the Kings.

The present pilgrim to Jerusalem will have less trouble than Alroy in discovering the Tombs of the Kings, though he probably would not as easily obtain the sceptre of Solomon. The tombs that bear this title are of the time of the Asmonean princes, and of a more ambitious character than any other of the remains. An open court about fifty feet in breadth, and extremely deep, is excavated out of the rock. One side is formed by a portico, the frieze of which is sculptured in a good Syro-Greek style. There is no grand portal; you crawl into the tombs by a small opening on one of the sides. There are a few small chambers with niches, recesses, and sarcophagi, some sculptured in the same flowing style as the frieze. This is the most important monument at Jerusalem; and Dr. Clarke, who has lavished wonder and admiration on the tombs of Zachariah and Absalom, has announced the Tombs of the Kings as

one of the marvellous productions of antiquity. But the truth is, all that we see of art in Jerusalem is of the most mean and contemptible character, exhibiting not the slightest feeling for the beautiful or the grand, and not for a moment to be mentioned with the creations of a neighbouring country. It is of course out of the question to speak of the pyramids of Memphis, and the obelisks of Heliopolis, the temples of Karnak, and the palaces of Luxoor, the gigantic cavern fanes of Ipsambul, the imaginative Dendera, and the refined Philæ: but it is not too much to say, that there are in many Egyptian towns, to which the satiated traveller cannot spare a parting glance, more surprising monuments than in all Jerusalem together; ranges of painted sepulchres, infinitely more striking, from their extent and beauty, than the Tombs of the Kings; and relics of temples which must have cost more time and treasure than the whole valley of Jehosaphat.

NOTE 41.—Page 207.

"*Rabbi Hillel* was one of the eminentest that ever was among the Jewish Doctors, both for birth, learning, rule, and children. He was of the seed of David by his mother's side, being of the posterity of Shephatiah, the son of Abital, David's wife. He was brought up in Babel, from whence he came up to Jerusalem at forty years old, and there studied the law forty years more under Shemaiah and Abtalion, and after them he was President of the Sanhedrim forty years more. The beginning of his Presidency is generally concluded upon to have beeen just one hundred years before the Temple was destroyed: by which account, he began eight-and-twenty years before our Saviour was born, and died when he was about twelve years old. He is renowned for his fourscore scholars."—*Lightfoot*, vol. ii. p. 2008.

The great rival of Hillel was Shammai. Their controversies, and the fierceness of their partizans, are a principal feature of Rabbinical history. They were the same as the Scotists and Thomists. At last the Bath Kol interfered, and decided for Hillel, but

in a spirit of conciliatory dexterity. "The Bath Kol came forth and spake thus:—'The words both of the one party and the other are the words of the living God, but the certain decision of the matter is according to the decrees of the school of Hillel. And from henceforth, whoever shall transgress the decrees of the school of Hillel is guilty of death.'"

NOTE 42.—Page 212.

A number of small, square, low chambers.

These excavated cemeteries which abound in Palestine and Egypt were often converted into places of worship by the Jews and early Christians. Sandys thus describes the Synagogue at Jerusalem in his time.

NOTE 43.—Page 213.

Their heads mystically covered.

The Hebrews cover their heads during their prayers with a sacred shawl.

NOTE 44.—Page 214.

Expounded the law to the congregation of the people.

The custom, I believe, even to the present day among the Hebrews, a remnant of their old academies, once so famous.

NOTE 45.—Page 216.

The Valley of Jehosaphat and the Tomb of Absalom.

In the Vale of Jehosaphat, among many other tombs, are two of considerable size, and which, although of a corrupt Grecian architecture, are dignified by the titles of the Tombs of Zachariah and Absalom.

NOTE 46.—Page 221.

The scanty rill of Siloah.

The sublime Siloah is now a muddy rill; you descend by steps to the fountain which is its source, and which is covered with an arch. Here the blind

man received his sight; and singular enough, to this very day the healing reputation of its waters prevails, and summons to its brink all those neighbouring Arabs who suffer from the ophthalmic affections not uncommon in this part of the world.

NOTE 47.—Page 221.

Several isolated tombs of considerable size.

There are no remains of ancient Jerusalem, or the ancient Jews. Some tombs there are which may be ascribed to the Asmonean princes; but all the monuments of David and Solomon, and their long posterity, have utterly disappeared.

NOTE 48.—Page 225.

Are cut strange characters and unearthly forms.

As at Benihassan, and many other of the sculptured catacombs of Egypt.

NOTE 49.—Page 226.

A crowd of bats rushed forward and extinguished his torch.

In entering the Temple of Dendera, our torches were extinguished by a crowd of bats.

NOTE 50.—Page 226.

The gallery is of great extent, with a gradual declination.

So, in the great Egyptian tombs.

NOTE 51.—Page 229.

The Afrite, for it was one of these dread beings.

Beings of a monstrous form, the most terrible of all the orders of the Dives.

NOTE 52.—Page 230.

An avenue of colossal lions of red granite.

An avenue of Sphinxes more than a mile in length connected the quarters of Luxoor and Carnak in Egyptian Thebes. Its fragments remain. Many other avenues of Sphinxes and lion-headed Kings may be observed in various parts of Upper Egypt.

Note 53.—Page 233.

A stupendous portal cut out of the solid rock, four hundred feet in height, and supported by clusters of colossal Caryatides.

See the great rock temple of Ipsambul in Lower Nubia. The sitting colossi are nearly seventy feet in height. But there is a Torso of a statue of Rameses the Second at Thebes, vulgarly called the great Memnon, which measures upwards of sixty feet round the shoulders.

Note 54.—Page 236.

Fifty steps of ivory, and each one guarded by golden lions.

See 1st Kings, cap. x. 18—20.

Note 56.—Page 261.

Crossed the desart on a fleet dromedary.

The difference between a Camel and a Dromedary is the difference between a hack and a thorough-bred horse. There is no other.

NOTE 57.—Page 264.

That celestial alphabet known to the true Cabalist.

See former note.

END OF VOL. I.

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